THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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DEACON & PETERSON, Publishers,
No. 319 Walnut St., Philadelphia.

THE RAID.

A SONG FOR THE UNION.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A stern, wild band, from the Northmen's land,
Rode fiercely over the hill,
And I saw the gleam of their sabres stream,
In the morning light so chill;
They dashed with a yell through the tangled dell,
And over the hill tops dun,
Which echoed their shout as they thundered out,
"Our Union shall be one!"

Then over the hill from Gordonsville,
They thundered on their way,
While the bright red bars of the stripes and stars,
Gleamed out o'er their stern array:
And their dark eyes flashed as onward they dashed,
While their swords gleamed in the sun,
And their shout rang past like a bugle's blast,
"Our Union shall be one!"

Ha! right in their way, the grim array
Of the rebel squadrons rose,
And the best horse band of the traitor's land,
Did those Northmen bold oppose;
Out flashed each sword at their leader's word,
As he yelled—"On, comrades, on!"
And their cry rose dread as the rebels fled,—
"Our Union shall be one!"

Wild, wild their glee o'er their victory!
And they swept o'er hill and dell,
Till they reached the woods where the sullen floods
Of the Mattapony swell:
Then they tore in their wrath the iron path
Where the rebel steam trains run,
And they shouted o'erjoyed by each bridge destroyed,
"Our Union shall be one!"

On, on, again! like a hurricane!
From the hills they thundered down,
And they rode pell mell with a terrible yell,
By the forts round Richmond town:
And that awful cry as they galloped by,
Did the traitors wildly stun,
And they waxed all pale as they heard on the gale,—
"The Union shall be one!"

But away they dash, like the lightning's flash,
To the dark Pamunkey's tide,
And the rebels fled 'neath their charge so dread,
From their works by the river's side:
Then they burned the stores by that river's shores,
And they swore by Washington,
"The land of our pride none shall e'er divide!
The Union shall be one!"

On front, on rear, on each flank appear
The hosts of the rebel might,
Yet trembled not then those bold Northmen,
But their sabres grasped they tight:
Through all that array they burst their way,
As the war-god might have done,
And their cry rang loud o'er the battle cloud,—
"Our Union shall be one!"

Ho! bold, true band from the northern land,
Who fight for the "Western Star!"
How your steeds did sweep by the rebel keep,
Which shook to your cry of war!
And time comes amain they'll hear it again,
When the traitor's race is run,
And they learn too late while they meet their fate,
That "the Union shall be one!"

FRANK.

☞ A Dutchman was summoned in court to identify a stolen hog. On being asked if the hog had any ear-marks, he replied:—"Te only ear-mark dat I saw vas his tail vas cut off."

ELEANOR'S VICTORY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AURORA FLOYD," "LADY AUDLEY'S SECRET," &c.

CHAPTER XV.

LANCELOT.

Mrs. Darrell stood for some time clasped in her son's embrace, and sobbing violently. The two girls withdrew a few paces, too bewildered to know what to do, in the first shock of the surprise that had come so suddenly upon them.

This was Lancelot Darrell, then, the long absent son, whose portrait hung above the mantel-piece in the dining-room, whose memory was so tenderly cherished, every token of whose former presence was so carefully preserved.

"My boy, my boy," murmured the widow, in a voice which seemed strange to the two girls, from its new accent of tenderness; "my own and only son, how is it that you come back to me thus? I thought you were in India. I thought—"

"I was in India, mother, when my last letter to you was written," the young man answered; "but you know how sick and tired I was of the odious climate, and the odious life I was compelled to lead. It grew unbearable at last, and I determined to throw everything up, and come home; so I sailed in the first vessel that left Calcutta after I had formed this determination. You're not sorry to see me back, are you, mother?"

"Sorry to see you, my boy, my boy!"

Mrs. Darrell led her son across the lawn and into the house, through an open window. She seemed utterly unconscious of the presence of her two charges. She seemed to have forgotten their very existence in the wonderful surprise of her son's return. So Laura and Eleanor went up to Miss Mason's room and shut themselves in, to talk over the strange adventures of the evening, while the mother and son were closeted together in the breakfast-room below.

"Isn't it all romantic, Nelly, dear?" Miss Mason said, with enthusiasm. "I wonder whether he came all the way from India in that dreadful coat and that horrid shabby hat? He looks just like the hero of a novel, doesn't he, Nell? dark and pale, and tall and slender. Has he come back for good, do you think? I'm sure he ought to have Mr. De Crespigny's fortune."

Miss Vane shrugged her shoulders. She was not particularly interested in the handsome prodigal son who had made his appearance so unexpectedly; and she had enough to do to listen to all of Laura's exclamations, and sympathize with her curiosity.

"I shan't sleep a bit to-night, Nelly," Miss Mason said, as she parted with her friend. "I shall be dreaming of Launcelot Darrell, with his dark eyes and pale face. What a fierce, half-angry look he has, Nell, as if he were savage with the world for having treated him badly. For he must have been badly treated, you know. We know how clever he is. He ought to have been made a governor-general or an ambassador, or something of that kind, in India. He has no right to be shabby."

"I should think his shabbiness was his own fault, Laura," Miss Vane answered, quietly. "If he is clever, you know, he ought to be able to earn money."

She thought of Richard Thornton, as she spoke, working at the Phœnix Theatre for the poor salary that helped to support the Bohemian comforts of the primitive shelter in the Pilasters, and Dick's paint and white-wash bespattered coat seemed glorified by contrast with that of the young prodigal in the room below.

The two girls went down to the breakfast-room early the next morning, Laura Mason arrayed in her prettiest and brightest muslin morning dress, which was scarcely so bright as her beaming face. The young lady's gossamer white robes fluttered with the floating ribbons and delicate laces that adorned them. She was a coquette by nature, and was eager to take her revenge for all the monotonous days of enforced seclusion which she had endured.

Mrs. Darrell was sitting at the breakfast-table when the two girls entered the room. Her Bible lay open among the cups and saucers near her. Her face was pale, and looked even more care-worn than usual, and her eyes were dimmed by the tears that she had shed. The heroism of the woman who had borne her son's absence silently and uncomplainingly, had given way under the unlooked-for joy of his return.

She gave her hand to each of the girls as they wished her good-morning. Eleanor almost shuddered as she felt the deadly coldness of that wasted hand.

"We will begin breakfast at once, my dears," Mrs. Darrell said, quietly; "my son is fatigued by a long journey, and exhausted by the excitement of his return. He will not get up, therefore, until late in the day."

The widow poured out the tea, and for some little time there was silence at the breakfast table. Neither Eleanor or Laura liked to speak. They both waited—one patiently, the other very impatiently—until Mrs. Darrell should please to tell them something about her son's extraordinary return.

It seemed as if the mistress of Hazlewood, usually so coldly dignified and self-possessed, felt some little embarrassment in speaking of the strange scene of the previous night.

"I need scarcely tell you, Laura," she said, rather abruptly, after a very long pause, "that if anything could lessen my happiness in my son's return, it would be the manner of his coming back to his old home. He comes back to me poorer than when he went away. He came on foot from Southampton here; he came looking like a tramp and a beggar to his mother's house. But it would be hard if I blamed my poor boy for this. The sin lies at his uncle's door. Maurice de Crespigny should have known that Colonel Darrell's only son would never stoop to a life of commercial drudgery. My son's letters might have prepared me for what has happened. Their brevity, their bitter, despondent tone, might have told the utter hopelessness of a commercial career for my son. He tells me that he left India because his position there—a position which held out no promise of improvement—had become unbearable to him. He comes back to me penniless, with the battle of life before him. You can scarcely wonder, then, that my happiness in his return is not quite unalloyed."

"No, indeed, dear Mrs. Darrell," Laura answered, eagerly; "but still you must be very glad to have him back; and if he didn't make a fortune in India, he can make one in England, I dare say. He is so handsome, and so clever, and—"

The young lady stopped suddenly, blushing under the cold scrutiny of Ellen Darrell's eyes. Perhaps in that moment a thought flashed across the mind of the widow; the thought of a wealthy marriage for her handsome son. She knew that Laura Mason was rich, for Mr. Monckton had told her that his ward would have all the advantages in after life which wealth can bestow, but she had no idea of the amount of the girl's fortune.

Launcelot Darrell slept late after his pedestrian journey. Miss Mason's piano was kept shut, out of consideration for the traveller; and Laura and Eleanor found the bright summer's morning unusually long in consequence. They had so few pursuits, or amusements, that to be deprived of one seemed very cruel. They were sitting after their early dinner, in a shady nook in the shrubbery, Laura lying on the ground, reading a novel, and Eleanor engaged in some needle-work achievement which was by-and-by to be presented to the Signora; when the rustling leaves of the laurel screen that inclosed and sheltered their retreat, were parted, and the handsome face, the face which had looked worn and haggard last night, but which now had only an aristocratic air of langor, presented itself before them in a frame of dark and shining foliage.

"Good-morning, or good-afternoon, young ladies," said Mr. Darrell, "for I hear that your habits at Hazlewood are very primitive, and that you dine at three o'clock. I have been looking for you during the last half-hour, in my anxiety to apologize for any alarm I may have given you last night. When the landless heir returns to his home, he scarcely expects to find two angels waiting for him on the threshold. I might have been a little more careful of my toilet, had I been able to foresee my reception. What luggage I had, I left at Southampton."

"Oh! never mind your dress, Mr. Darrell," Laura answered, gayly "we are both so glad you have come home. Ain't we, Eleanor? for our lives are so dreadfully dull here, though your mamma is very kind to us. But do tell us all about your voyage home, and your journey here on foot, and all the troubles you have gone through? Do tell us your adventures, Mr. Darrell?"

The young lady lifted her bright, blue eyes with a languishing glance of pity; but suddenly dropped them under the young man's glance. He looked from one to the other of the two girls, and then, strolling into the grassy little amphitheatre were they were sitting, flung himself into a rustic arm-chair, near the table at which Eleanor Vane sat at work.

Launcelot Darrell was a handsome likeness of his mother. The features which in her face were stern and hard, had in his an almost feminine softness. The dark eyes had a lazy light in them, and where half-hidden by the listless droop of the black lashes that fringed their full white lids. The straight nose, low forehead, and delicately moulded mouth, were almost classical in their physical perfection; but there was a want in the lower part of the face; the chin receded a little where it should have projected, the handsome mouth was weak and undecided in expression.

Mr. Darrell might have sat as a painter's model for all the lovers in prose or poetry; but he would never have been mistaken for a hero or a statesman. He had all the attributes of grace and beauty, but not one of the outward signs of greatness. Eleanor Vane felt this want of power in the young man as she looked at him. Her rapid perception seized upon the one defect which marred so much perfection.

"If I had need of help against the murderer of my father," the girl thought, "I would not ask this man to aid me."

"And now, Mr. Darrell," said Laura, throwing down her book, and settling herself for a flirtation with the prodigal son, "tell us all your adventures. We are dying to hear them."

Launcelot Darrell shrugged his shoulders.

"What adventures, my dear Miss Mason?"

"Why, your Indian experiences, of course, and your journey home. All your romantic escapes, and thrilling perils, tiger-hunting, pig-sticking—that doesn't sound romantic, but I suppose it is—lonely nights in which you lost yourself in the jungle, horrible encounters with rattlesnakes, brilliant balls at Government House—you see I know all about Indian life—rides on the race-course, flirtations with Calcutta belles."

The young man laughed at Miss Mason's enthusiasm.

"You know more about the delights of an Indian existence than I do," he said, rather bitterly; "a poor devil who goes out to Calcutta with only one letter of introduction, and an empty purse, and is sent up the country, within a few days of his arrival, to a lonely station, where his own face is about the only white one in the neighborhood, hasn't very much chance of becoming familiar with the Government House festivities, or Calcutta belles, who reserve their smiles for the favored children of fortune, I can assure you. As to tiger-hunts and pig-sticking, my dear Miss Mason, I can give you very little information upon those points, for an indigo planter's overseer, whose nose is kept pretty close to the grindstone, has enough to do for his pitiful stipend, and very little chance of becoming a Gordon Cumming or a Jules Gerard."

Laura Mason looked very much disappointed.

"You didn't like India, then, Mr. Darrell?" she said.

"I hated it," the young man answered, between his set teeth.

There was so much suppressed force in Launcelot Darrell's utterance of these three words, that Eleanor looked up from her work, startled by the young man's sudden vehemence.

He was looking straight before him, his dark eyes fixed, his strongly marked eyebrows contracted, and a red spot burning in the centre of each pale and rather hollow cheek.

"But why did you hate India?" Laura asked, with unflinching pertinacity.

"Why does a man hate poverty and humiliation, Miss Mason? You might as well ask me that. Suppose we drop the subject. It isn't a very agreeable one to me, I assure you."

"But your voyage home," pursued Laura, quite unabashed by this rebuff; "you can tell us your adventures during the voyage home."

"I had no adventures. Men who travel by the overland route may have something to tell, perhaps: I came the cheapest and the slowest way."

"By a sailing vessel?"

"Yes."

"And what was the name of the vessel?"

"The Indus."

"The Indus, that's an easy name to remember. But of course you had all sorts of amusements on board; you played whist in the cuddy—what is the cuddy, by-the-by?—and you got up private theatricals, and you started an amateur newspaper or magazine, and you crossed the line, and—"

"Oh, yes, we went through the usual routine. It was dreary enough. Pray tell me something about Hazlewood, Miss Mason; I am a great deal more interested in Berkshire than you can possibly be in my Indian experiences."

The young lady was fain to submit. She told Mr. Darrell such scraps and shreds of gossip as form the "news" in a place like Hazlewood. He listened very attentively to anything Miss Mason had to tell about his uncle, Maurice de Crespigny."

"So those tiger cats, my maiden aunts, are as watchful as ever," he said, when Laura had finished. "Heaven grant the harpies may be disappointed. Do any of the Vane family ever try to get at the old man?"

Eleanor looked up from her work quite very quickly; she had grown accustomed to hear her name spoken by those who had no suspicion of her identity.

"Oh, no, I believe not," Miss Mason answered; "old Mr. Vane died ten or three years ago, you know."

"Yes, my mother wrote me word of his death."

"You were in India when it happened, then?"

"Yes."

Eleanor's face blanched, and her heart beat with a fierce heavy throbbing against her breast. How dared they talk of her dead father in that tone of almost insolent indifference. The one passion of her young life had as strong a power over her now as when she had knelt in the little chamber in the Rue l'Archeveque, with her clasped hands uplifted to the low ceiling, and a terrible oath upon her girlish lips.

She dropped her work suddenly, and rising from her rustic seat, walked away from the shade of the laurels.

"Eleanor," cried Laura Mason, "where are you going?"

Launcelot Darrell sat in a careless attitude, trifling with the reels of silk, and balls of wool, and all the paraphernalia of fancy work scattered upon the table before him, but he lifted his head as Laura uttered her friend's name, and perhaps for the first time looked steadily at Miss Vane.

He sat looking at her for some minutes while she and Laura stood talking together a few paces from him. It was perhaps only a painter's habit of looking earnestly at a pretty face that gave intensity to his gaze. He dropped his eyelids presently, and drew a long breath, that sounded almost like a sigh of relief.

"An accidental likeness," he muttered; "there are a hundred such likenesses in the world."

He got up and walked back to the house, leaving the two girls together. Laura had a great deal to say about his handsome face, and the easy grace of his manner; but Eleanor Vane was absent and thoughtful. The mention of her father's name had brought back the past. Her peaceful life, and all its quiet contentment, melted away like a curtain of morning mist that rises to disclose the ghastly horror of a battle-field; and the dreadful picture of the past arose before her; painfully vivid, horribly real. The parting on the boulevard; the long night of agony and suspense; the meeting with Richard on the bridge by the Morgue; her father's torn, disjointed letter; and her own vengeful wrath; all returned to her; every voice of her heart seemed to call her away from the commonplace tranquility of her life to some desperate act of justice and retribution.

"What have I to do with this frivolous girl?" she thought; "what is it to me whether Launcelot Darrell's nose is Grecian or aquiline, whether his eyes are black or brown? What a wretched, useless life I am leading in this place, when I should be hunting through the world for the murderer of my father."

She sighed wearily as she remembered how powerless she was. What could she do to get one step nearer to the accomplishment of that one purpose, which she called the purpose of her life? Nothing! She remembered with a chill feeling of despair that however, in her moments of exaltation, she might look forward to some shadowy day of triumph and revenge, her better sense always told her that Richard Thornton had spoken the truth. The man whose treachery had destroyed George Vane had dropped into the chaos of an over-crowded universe, leaving no clue behind him by which he might be traced.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE LAWYER'S SUSPICION.

Mr. Monckton came to Hazlewood upon the day after Launcelot Darrell's arrival. The grave solicitor had known the young man before his departure for India, but there seemed no very great intimacy between them, and Mr. Darrell appeared rather to avoid any familiarity with his mother's rich friend.

He answered Gilbert Monckton's questions about India and indigo-planting with an air of unwillingness that was almost insolent.

"The last few years of my life have not been so very pleasant as to make me care to look back at them," he said, bitterly. "Some men keep a diary of the experiences of each day—I found the experiences dreary enough in themselves, and had no wish to incur the

[illegible] freedom of writing about them. I will say much, when he found a commercial room near me, that he was making a mis[illegible] I was [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

the time her visitor spent going over the wards she spent with Charley, for he is one of her boys; and oh, so many of them are going to be cut up even worse than Charley, at Fredericksburg, soon. The poor, dear boys, but then she is not going to cry about it. She used to cry, but it does not do. One of her boys suffered so terribly last week. He was a German, and in the amputation, taking up the arteries he suffered so, oh, so! Every nerve wrenched and quivered as he clung to her hands; but she told him she could not help him, and he could not help himself. He must go to our Father in Heaven for strength. He told her, in his broken English, how his mother taught him that at her knee, and how well he knew that God's way was the best way, and how he trusted his Saviour in all, and through all. She could not teach him anything; for he knew it all, better than she did. Next day, when she went, he had *gone home*, and his mutilated corpse lay there; and then she cried—was very wrong, very foolish—was not fit for anything all day? No, she never cries, and so she laughed and chatted with Charley as gayly as if there were no sorrow in the world.

From Campbell Hospital her ambulance rumbled and tumbled and plunged, and dragged on, up the hill, past "Scott's Six Hundred," to a fort garrisoned by the 11th Vermont, now the First Vermont Artillery. In this regiment the mortality, from sickness, has been unusual. The hospital—a long barrack and a large row of tents—were filled with sick. One man she expected to find dead. He lies in typhoid fever, and his wife from Vermont is with him, and there is a hope of recovery. In Campbell Hospital he would likely recover; but there! Did his wife sponge him? No; the doctor did not allow it. His brow felt as if it might have been smeared with molasses; his limbs were crusted with dried exudations—were in that torpid state which precedes gangrene. Would the doctor permit her to moisten his limbs with soft oil, if water was forbidden?—rub them with her hand, and then with a towel? No! oh, no! He did not permit the use of any grease. She wanted to put some ointment on his spine, where the skin was off, to keep the clothes from sticking in the flesh, but the doctor forbade it. Would the doctor object to some more straw in his bed?—there was a small armful scattered along between him and the board bottom of his bedstead. Suppose not, if she could get the straw. She had wanted some so much, for he was so thin, and it was hard on the boards. She had tried to make it up so, but there was so little straw, and it was so dead and worn. She had tried to make up other beds in the hospital, but they were worse than this.

Would the doctor object to clean sheets, and a spread less than filthy? Well, they did not have sheets to change, and she straightened those about him. They were pretty well for clean—did not appear to have been in use more than two months, and never had had the native oil washed out of them. Evidently the doctor prohibits water, and is not partial to soap. The era of lime has not yet arrived at Fort Slocum, and dirt, disease and the doctor have it all their own way. The principal sufferer is a man of powerful frame, very large brain, and great, intelligent, gray eyes—apparently one of nature's noblemen; but in every poor, dirty bed is a sufferer.

The men of this fort, not in hospital, sleep in ward bunks, without any pretence of a bed. The medical officer thinks it healthier than straw beds. Has the First Vermont Artillery any friends in the Green Mountain State?

Miss Dix was notified this morning of the case of the dying soldier on the armful of dirty straw, and next week the readers of the Post shall know, if possible, whether the Sanitary Commission had a mattress and sheets on hand.

☞ There is no truth more firmly established among medical men, than that diseases follow fashion as much as bonnets do. When thin slippers prevail, consumption is the prevailing epidemic with females in every fashionable community of the country. When low-neck frocks are in the ascendant sore throat and quinsy are the raging maladies. When "bustles" and "bishops" made their appearance, spinal affections became "the ton." The reign of corsets is denoted by collapsed lungs, dyspepsia, and a general derangement of the digestive organs. Indeed, so intimately are dress and diseases connected, that a doctor says that all he needs to determine what a majority of the women are dying of, is to have an inventory of their wardrobe handed to him.

☞ A gentleman being asked by a lady to send her his photograph,—accompanied the *carte de visite* with the following epigram:—

"*I* send the picture, (lay it on the shelf;)
Another time I wish your gentle heart
Would kindly bid me bring my solid self,
And not (God bless me) send an empty
'carte!'"

☞ The Der Freyschutz, a German newspaper, thus speaks of the city of Cologne—"Cologne is principally inhabited by the editors of the Cologne Gazette, and by ninety thousand Germans, each of whom claims the name of Jean Marie Farina, and to be the only first and original distiller of Cologne water."

SANITARY COMMISSION DEPARTMENT.

Sick and Wounded Soldiers.

How often during the busy week that followed after the tidings reached us of the battle of Chancellorsville, did we wish for a photographic pen to picture the scenes transpiring around us at the rooms of the W. P. B. Young ladies clustered like bees around the boxes, unpacking, assorting, and repacking their contents; and in some instances, in their eagerness to despatch them, they nailed them up, and marked them themselves. Some of them had brothers in the engagement, whom they had not yet heard from. The hearts of all were in their work; for there was not one among them who had not some friend to feel anxious about; and they knew not but the very delicacies they were packing might minister to some dear one's comfort. Recalling the terrible scenes following other battles, they imagined that this one would bring a recurrence of the same; but so far as we can learn, there has not been one battle fought, where Government has provided so faithfully for proper attendance upon, and comforts for the wounded; and required so little outside help during the time of the engagement. This is what the Sanitary Commission has been laboring for, and goes far to prove how thorough and effectual has been this work. After the battle was over, and the wounded were being removed to the different hospitals, thousands were ministered to by the agents of the Commission, who but for them would not have had the care they needed. At the hospitals in Washington, the demand has been, and is still, very great, for extra luxuries; but that Government has so increased its efficiency in the field, is great cause for congratulation; and leads us to hope that the time may come when "the earnest endeavors which characterize the present administration of the Medical Department," may be so crowned with success, as to relieve the Commission of a large part of its labors. Until that time arrives, we will work with all our might for "our sick and wounded soldiers," who, not only from the banks of the Rappahannock, but from the plains of Missouri, the valleys of Tennessee, and the burning sands of the Carolinas, demand that we shall hold them in remembrance. When Government is able to minister to all their wants—then, and not until then, will we relax our efforts.

We return our warmest thanks to the school-children of Pottsville, whose generosity has provided and sent to our suffering soldiers, through this Branch, 16 boxes, during the last week. It is wonderful how much children can accomplish.

HOSPITAL CAR AND THE SANITARY COMMISSION.—After every great battle, the compassionable heart of the community has been shocked at the recital of the sufferings of the wounded, while being transported on platforms, or in uncovered cars, exposed to heat, cold, or rain, and to the misery of shakings and jolings. The most vivid imagination could not fill the picture with details more ghastly than those familiar to every one who has been near a battle-field. During the campaign on the Peninsula, it was as bad as could be; since that time we have seen a gradual amelioration, as one improvement after another has been adopted.

After the Fredericksburg fight, the poor fellows were carried as carefully as was possible with the ordinary means of transportation. But now, that most efficient caretaker of the wounded man, and guardian of his comfort, the Sanitary Commission has had fitted up a hospital car, which appears to combine every improvement that can be desired. The car has been turned over to the Surgeon-General, who has signified his approval of the plan, and has ordered the immediate construction of three others on the same design.

It resembles in general appearance the ordinary sleeping car, but the berths are simply the field stretchers, which are brought in with their loads and are suspended by strong India rubber loops, from pegs in the sides of upright stanchions.

Thus a badly wounded or very sick man need not be removed from the stretchers in which he is brought from the field until he arrives at the place of destination. The great advantage of this can hardly be appreciated except by surgeons. The stretchers are hung in three tiers, and as their handles overlap, no room is lost.

Thus thirty beds may be suspended in a car of ordinary size. There are also twelve folding chairs provided, which may be set in the passage-ways if required, and used for the accommodation of the least feeble. The windows in the roof open both ways, so as to secure ample ventilation. A speaking tube conveys messages from the surgeon, at one end, to his assistant, at the other. A complete little cooking apparatus is fitted up in the usual small apartment in the corner of the car; and there, too, is arranged, with marvelous economy of space, an assortment of everything likely to be needed for the nourishment or medicament of the sufferers.

This part was arranged by an old sailor, who knew the value of a square inch. There is a bed also for the surgeon in charge, and under it drawers for extra clothing. Nor must we omit the mention of a bed of India rubber over the spring to deaden every shock; nor that the trucks can be made to fit a road of any guage. The entire equipment of the car is so simple, and yet so complete, and will accomplish so much at so slight an outlay, that the country is again put deeply in debt to the Sanitary Commission. To them alone is due all the credit of the contrivance, and it will remain another proof of the untiring zeal of that most excellent association.

THE HOSPITAL DIRECTORY.

Amongst the extended means of the U. S Sanitary Commission, for doing good to our soldiers and their families in the hospitals of Disposing and inspecting agents in camp and hospital, its temporary homes, its position collecting agency, its committees for the relief of special cases of suffering—none are more deserving of notice than its Hospital Directory.

By referring to the advertisement in THE POST of a few weeks ago, it will be seen that the Commission voluntarily undertaken to trace out, upon inquiry, any individual who is, or has been within a given time, in any of the hospitals throughout the country. And can this really be effected? The gladdened heart of many a parent and wife could testify to its efficiency.

One or two instances, occurring within a short time past at the Philadelphia Department, may serve as illustrations:

A mother, residing in the interior of the State, wrote to the Commission to ask for information of her son. For months she had had no word from him. Was he sick or well?—In field or hospital?—A prisoner, or dead? The Directory was examined, and his name found amongst the patients at the Summit House Hospital. Within the hour a messenger was on his way thither. The youth had heard of his mother's anxious questionings, and returned her a promise of an immediate letter from himself.

Again: a private from the army of the Potomac, hopelessly diseased and exhausted, had succeeded in obtaining a discharge. He came to Washington in a very wretched plight, was taken into the Home and nursed and cared for. It soon became apparent to the physicians that his condition was very dangerous. An account was taken of his name, regiment, company, his effects, and the amount of pay due him. He gave his name as James Simpson, and spoke of parents residing in Philadelphia, without giving their exact address. Shortly afterwards he died. Word was sent to Philadelphia, to find, if possible, his parents. Advertisements were put in the daily press, and within four and twenty hours the parents, poor, but respectable persons, presented themselves, proved satisfactorily their relationship, and to them were transmitted his last messages, his effects, and ultimately his back pay.

Again: a gentleman called to make inquiries of a lost soldier. He had never reached his regiment, had been heard of at Camp Convalescent in December, but since then all clue of him had been lost. He had been subject to fits of temporary insanity, which caused his friends to fear for his safety. After much correspondence, and much careful research, it was discovered that he had been taken into an insane asylum near Washington, where he had died. The certificate of his death was obtained, presented to a life insurance company, where he had taken a policy, and $1,000 was recovered for the widow.

What shall we say of a care so far-reaching, so pains-taking, a Providence bridging over the weary distance between the watchers at home and the sick and suffering soldiers throughout the length and breadth of our land?

Yesterday a lady entered the rooms. With much emotion she said: "I come to inquire about a near relative. In the battle at Chancellorsville he was wounded. As he lay upon the ground, he wrote a few words in pencil, and gave it to a comrade. Those lines have reached me, but I know nothing *of him*. Can you tell me whether he be in a hospital, a prisoner, or *burned?*" She found sympathising listeners to her tale, and be sure no pains, no research, will be spared to find that missing soldier.

God speed thy errand, sorrowing heart! and grant that thy worst fears may not prove true.

DONATIONS.

The W. P. B. has received since May 1 the following donations of supplies:—

PHILADELPHIA, May 16, 1863.

The Women's Penn Branch of United states Sanitary Commission, No. 1307 Chesnut street, acknowledge the following donations in hospital supplies since the last report:—A lady, 2 pairs woolen socks. Miss Bohlen, clothing:

C. Cordelia Weaver, Colebrookdale Works, Pottstown, Pa., oranges and lemons.

Burlington, N. J., Ladies' Aid, Mrs. T. Woolman, Secretary, 1 barrel stores.

Ladies' Aid Society of Emanuel Church, Holmesburg, Pa., 2 boxes, 1 package.

Union Sewing Association, Miss Julia Lewis, Secretary, pillow cases.

Farmington, N. J., Juvenile Aid Society, 1 box.

Mrs. Warner Johnson, clothing and cushions.

Women's Contribution Aid, Moyamensing, Phila., E. H. Haven, Secretary, large lot of clothing and cushions.

St. James' Church, per Miss Green, pickles.

Mrs. Pascal, Kingsessing, Phila., delicacies.

Ladies' Aid Society, Media, Pa., Miss Anna M. Hinkson, Secretary, 1 box clothing and cushions.

1 box from C. B., clothing, Box 149, West Chester P. O. The Ladies of All Saints' Church, Lower Dublin, clothing, etc.

"Soldiers' Aid Society," Church of the Saviour, West Phila., S. H. Goddard, Secretary, clothing, etc.

"Ladies' Soldiers' Aid Association," Church of the Epiphany, Miss Fannie I. Du Puy, Secretary, clothing, etc.

"Ladies' Aid," Flemington, Clinton county, Pa., Mrs. Wm. S. Woods, Secretary, 1 large box.

Curwen Stoddart, Jr., 34 gum blankets.

Northwest Soldiers' Aid, Miss Virginia Weaver, cushions. Mrs. Sellers, jelly. Mrs. Grant, pickles.

Ladies' Aid, Pottsville, Susan N. Russel, President, 2 boxes.

Mrs. Harmer, jelly, socks. Miss Green, clothing.

Ladies' Aid, Lionville, Chester county, Pa., Rebecca Acker, Secretary, delicacies, etc.

Ladies' Aid, Tamaqua, Schuylkill county, Pa., R. R. McCabe, Secretary, Box No. 19, clothing.

Ladies' Aid, Tamaqua, Schuylkill county, Pa., R. R. McCabe, Secretary, Box No. 20, delicacies.

Frederick Brown, 1 gross Jamaica ginger.

Mrs. and Miss Meigs, clothing, etc.

Ladies' Aid, Church of the Atonement, Mrs. A. W. De Courcy, fourth district. Mrs. Jos. Lea, old linen. Mrs. J. F. Sandy, and Miss Mary Boyd, delicacies, and clothing. A Friend, through R. W. Mayer, Sec'y, clothing.

Ladies' Auxiliary St. Mark's Lutheran Church, R. W. Mayer, Sec'y, clothing. "A Friend," sugar, tea, chocolate, etc. Mrs. James Coxe, 10 bottles lemon syrup. Ladies' Relief Society St. John's Methodist. Miss Mary Laird, Sec'y, quantity of clothing and hospital stores.

Sewing and Relief Association First Presbyterian Church, Mrs. Purves, Sec'y, quantity of clothing and hospital stores. "A Lady," package of lint.

A Lady, package of lint. Mrs. Ashley, package of clothing. Mrs. R. H. Moore, stockings.

Mrs. S. V. Merrick, box of dried fruit.

One box, Chester County Central Aid. West Chester, Mrs. Dr. Price, 1 box. Mesquehoning, Carbon county, Pa., Rev. H. H. Davis, 2 boxes. Northumberland Ladies' Aid. Jenkins, 1 box. Ladies' Aid, Emanuel Church, Holmesburg, 1 box, 3 packages, 1 jug. Williamsport Aid, 2 boxes. Chapin, Sec'y, 2 boxes. Chester, Delaware county, 1 box.

Miss Cadwalader, preserved fruit, socks.

Sewing Society, School House Lane, Mrs. Warner Johnson, 1 package clothing.

"Soldiers' Aid Society," Somerset, Pa., A. F. Schell, Sec'y, delicacies, etc. Mrs. Bradford, old linen. A Lady, old linen, small cushions.

Chestnut Hill, 1 box slippers. Lower Wakefield, Bucks county, Pa., clothing. Mrs. Dodd, cushions, etc. Miss Marie Moss, package.

"Soldiers' Relief Association." Holy Trinity Church, Mrs. Wm. Bucknell, Directress, large lot of clothing, etc.; also, 1 package hospital stores.

Mrs. Allison, wine.

Mrs. A. S. Roberts, delicacies. Mrs. A. Ritchie, cushions. Mrs. J. W. Paul, wine.

From the Ladies of Emanuel Church, Kensington

Rev. I. Gordon Maxwell, delicacies. A Lady, 1 package, bed clothing. A Lady, 7 bottles lemon syrup. Ladies' Aid, Saugus, Essex county, Mass. the I. Sizer, Sec'y, 5 boxes clothing and delicacies.

Ladies' Aid, Milton, Pa., I. S. Stoughton, Sec'y, 1 box. Mrs. John Bohlen, condensed milk, jelly, rice, flour, etc. Mrs. Bird, currant syrup.

Bell, Bullock & Sons, 1 bag wool.

Mrs. J. W. Paul, canned fruit, etc.

St. James's Church, Miss Green, jellies, syrups, canned fruits, etc. Grace Church Society, Mrs. A. Ritter, large lot of hospital clothing.

Ivens's Contributing Aid, Moyamensing, Miss E. H. Haven, Sec'y, large lot cushions and clothing. North-west Soldiers' Aid, Mrs. Worrow, valuable lot hospital stores.

One box, Wyoming, Luzerne county.

Mrs. Hastett, Allanville, 1 large box dried fruit.

Mrs. Erskine, package of clothing.

Mrs. Hugh Davids, 261 S. Fourth street, large lot of delicacies for hospital uses.

Mrs. Richard Downing, 1613 Race street, Phila., 1 package.

Calvary Church Society, Phila., large lot hospital clothing.

Nesquehoning, Carbon county, 1 box.

Lebanon Aid Society, 1 box.

Lebanon Aid Society, 1 keg.

Ladies' Aid, Twelfth Street M. E. Church, 1 box.

Ladies' Aid, Media, Delaware county, 1 box.

Ladies' Aid, Mansfield, Tioga county, 1 box.

Soldiers' Aid, Pittstown, Luzerne county, 1 barrel.

Union Sewing Association, 1 package of clothing.

Three boxes, containing clothing and hospital stores from several ladies and gentlemen, through Miss E. Samuel.

Mrs. B. Griffith, Phila., 1 package of handkerchiefs.

Chester, Pa., 1 box.

Mrs. Erskine, Phila., 1 package of clothing.

One package of jelly, James C. Booth, 1813 Pine street.

One box, Pottstown, Pa.

One package, 9 pairs woolen drawers, Mrs. J. W. Forney.

Mrs. E. W. Clark, 1 package, 3 woolen shirts, Tamaqua, Pa., 1 box.

Trenton, N. J., Ladies' Aid, 3 boxes eggs.

Trenton, N. J., Ladies' Aid, 1 box.

Mrs. R. Barton, Phila., 13 pairs woolen socks.

A Friend, 3 pairs woolen socks.

Mrs. Calhoun, 2 jars of preserves.

Williamsburg, Blair county, Pa., 1 box.

Mrs. Collet, Phila., 1 package.

Miss Bohlen, Phila., 13 drinking cups.

Soldiers' Relief, Falls of Schuylkill, large package.

Calvary Church, Front street, corner of Margaretta, 1 large package.

Professor Booth, clothing and jelly.

One barrel, Montrose, Pa.

Two boxes, Bordentown, N. J.

One box, Swedesboro.

One box, Army Aid, Norristown.

One box, Union Relief, Norristown.

One box, Espy, Columbia county.

One barrel, Ladies' Aid, Trenton, N. J.

One package, McClellan Aid Society, Phila.

One package, Ladies' Aid of St. Jude's Church, Phila.

One package, Mrs. Twells, Chestnut street, Phila.

Three boxes, Ladies' Aid, Ashland, Schuylkill county.

Demijohns, 5 gallons whiskey, Women's Contributing Aid, Moyamensing.

Young Ladies' Sewing Society, Phila., 1 package of towels and handkerchiefs.

Ladies' Aid, Trenton, N. J., 2 boxes.

Twelve cans tomatoes, Mrs. B. H. Moore, Phila.

One barrel, New Milford.

One package, St. Thomas' Church, auxiliary.

Mrs. Robert Ralston, 1 package.

Ladies' Aid, Burlington, N. J., 1 box.

Union Sewing Association, Phila., 1 package.

Public Schools, Pottsville, 9 boxes.

Pottsville, 1 box.

Mrs. James C. Fisher, 3 packages.

Ladies' Aid, Egypt Church, Lehigh county, 1 box.

Catawissa, 2 boxes.

☞ A terrible rebel is the fellow who edits the newspaper in Dixie known as the Chattanooga Rebel. He says he "hopes, and hopes it earnestly, to live long enough, if no longer, to see Confederate cavalry sweeping through every city, village and hamlet of the Yankees. To see their women begging to be protected from soldiery. To see the ploughs torn from the hands of their farmers and broken to pieces—their fences laid waste and their homes in flames, &c."

☞ A COSTLY GIFT.—A miniature sewing-machine for Tom Thumb's *wife*, beautifully set in rosewood, and adorned with paintings of elaborate execution, is in course of manufacture, to the order of Wheeler and Wilson. The decorations consist, in a large measure, of pearl and gold. When complete, this elegant gift will be sent to Europe for exhibition, and will be sure to elicit praise, not only for its utility as a labor saving machine, but as a production of art.

☞ ENGLAND'S NEUTRALITY.—*Mr. Lincoln*—"I say, John, you seem to be full of business; ain't you interfering with other people's trade, though?" *John Bull*—"Oh! no; only boxing up a few hatricles for the Hemperor of China. Pam, don't let those chaps make such a row!"

MAUD.

While looking over a book to-day
I found a faded lock,
A dead, forgotten thing it was,
So like our love and grief,
Maud!
So like our love and grief.

Oh, long ago, one summer night,
You were in a your hair,
More precious to me was it then
Than any ruby rare,
Maud!
Than any ruby rare.

☞ Emerson Etheridge, in his recent speech at Nashville, said: "I am not expectations, gentlemen, yet allow me to tell you that I shall always keep clear of the labels 'J. B.' J. B. stands for John Breckinridge. J. B. stands for James Buchanan; J. B. stands for Judah Benjamin; J. B. stands for John Bell; and, without intending to be offensive, I will remind you that J. B. stands for John Brown." He might have added John Bull likewise.

☞ The Austrian Government has liberated Mademoiselle Pastrowydora, the female aide-de-camp of Langiewitz. She had three horses killed under her on the battlefield; and it is reported that she led a charge of scythemen at Grochowiska. The Kossacs were hesitating before a well sustained fire of Russian infantry, and could not be got to advance, when the pretty aide-de-camp rode in front of the regiment, and, apparently, by the mere force of personal attractiveness, drew it forwards. The Poles will go anywhere after a good-looking woman, and at Grochowiska this weakness proved a source of strength.

☞ A man would himself be as much surprised as his neighbor would be, could he break open the portals of his heart, and go down into its crypts and secret recesses, to find what awful possibilities of evil are lurking there, needing but the trumpet challenge to start forward.—*Chapin.*

We saw thee come—we saw thee go—
Brief guest in this our earthly land—
Wherefrom? Whereto? We only know—
From God's own hand to God's own hand.

—*Uhland.*

PROSPECTUS FOR 1863.

THE

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The Publishers of THE POST take pleasure in announcing that their literary arrangements for the coming year are of a character to warrant them in promising a feast of good things to their thousands of readers. Among the contributors to THE POST we may now mention the following distinguished authors:—

MRS. HENRY WOOD,

Author of "THE EARL'S HEIR," "EAST LYNNE," "THE CHANNINGS," &c.

MARION HARLAND,

Author of "ALONE," "THE HIDDEN PATH," "MIRIAM," &c.

AND

VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND,

Whose Domestic Sketches are so greatly admired.

During the coming year THE POST will endeavor to maintain its high reputation for CHOICE STORIES, SKETCHES and POETRY. Special Departments shall also be devoted as heretofore to AGRICULTURE, WIT AND HUMOR, RECEIPTS, NEWS, MARKETS, &c.

TERMS: CASH IN ADVANCE.

1 copy, one year,	$2.00
4 copies, one year,	6.00
8 copies, one year, (and one to the getter-up of the club,)	12.00
20 copies, one year, (and one to the getter-up of the club,)	28.00

A SPLENDID PREMIUM.

WHO WANTS A SEWING MACHINE?

To any one sending thirty subscriptions and $60, we will give one of Wheeler & Wilson's celebrated Sewing Machines, such as they sell for $45. The machine will be selected new at the manufactory in New York, boxed, and forwarded free of cost, *with the exception of freight.*

In procuring the subscribers for this Premium, we of course prefer that the 30 subscribers should be procured independently of each other, at the regular terms of $2,00 for each subscriber. Where this cannot be done, the subscribers may be procured at any of our club rates, and the balance of the $60 forwarded to us in cash by the person desiring the machine. The subscribers may be obtained at different Post-offices.

Every person collecting names for the Sewing Machine Premium, should send the names with the money as fast as obtained, so that the subscribers may begin at once to receive their papers, and not become dissatisfied with the delay. When the whole number of names (30), and whole amount of money ($60), is received, the machine will be duly forwarded.

☞ Sample copies of THE POST sent gratis.

Address

DEACON & PETERSON,

No. 319 Walnut St., Philada.

P. S.—Editors who give the above one insertion, or condense the material portions of it for their editorial columns, shall be *entitled* to an exchange, by sending us a marked copy of the paper containing the advertisement or notice.

LATEST NEWS.

IMPORTANT FROM VICKSBURG.

5,000 Prisoners and 20 Cannon Captured.

All the Outer Fortifications in Our Possession.

WASHINGTON, May 30, 1863.

M. to-day the Secretary of War received the following telegram from General Grant:

"CHANCELLORSVILLE, May 30, 1863.

"I have held this position with my whole force since the morning of the 19th inst., and have completed the investment of the enemy's position.

"I have held my position with my whole force since the morning of the 19th inst., and have completed the investment of the enemy's position. [illegible] Sherman's corps, which was encamped [illegible] Haines and Chickasaw Bluffs, with 9,000 prisoners, and one hundred [illegible] ammunition, and [illegible] Sherman's corps were paralled and [illegible] Vicksburg.

"Another report says that these points were evacuated, and that Gen. Sherman quickly took possession.

Gen. Grant attacked the upper batteries of Vicksburg on Tuesday, while the gunboats attacked the lower batteries. On Tuesday the upper batteries were captured and turned on the water batteries.

The paroled prisoners brought across from Vicksburg say that our troops have possession of the entire line of outer fortifications, and that the rebels have left Vicksburg to keep the line of Big Black.

The Empress is the last boat that came up, and her officers say that when she left on Wednesday evening the firing had ceased, and there was no doubt that the rebels had surrendered. The General Blair reached Chickasaw Bluffs on Tuesday, and was sent down for rations. The Federal loss is reported as heavy.

The Navy Department has information that Admiral Porter has been co-operating with Gen. Grant in the siege of Vicksburg. His fleet was commanding the city and its works, still in the hands of the rebels, by night, while Gen. Grant's army assailed it by day, thus giving the rebels within the town and entrenchments not a moment's relaxation from the perils of their situation.

The Navy Department has also received official information that Admiral Farragut's fleet is actively engaged in bombarding Port Hudson.

From Mexico.

The French have been forced to raise the siege of Puebla, and will not be able to reoccupy it before the middle of October. They have sent to France for heavier guns and reinforcements, and, in the meantime, will go into quarters at Orizaba.

THE ORIGIN OF FAMILIAR PHRASES.—The term "masterly inactivity" originated with Sir James Mackintosh. "God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb," which everybody who did not suppose it was in the Bible, credited to Sterne, was stolen by him from George Herbert, who translated it from the French of Henry Estienne. "The cup that cheers but not inebriates," was conveyed by Cowper from Bishop Berkeley, in his "Siris." Wordsworth's "The child is father to the man," is traced from him to Milton, and from Milton to Sir Thomas More. "Like angels' visits—few and far between, is the offspring of Hook; it is not Thomas Campbell's original thought. Old John Norris (1658) originated it, and after him, Robert Blair, as late as 1745. "There's a gude time coming," is Scott's phrase in "Rob Roy," and the "almighty dollar" is Washington Irving's happy thought.

☞ The Altoona, (Pa.) Register, tells of a female just returned to that city after a service of eighteen months in the army, without having her sex discovered. She took part in three battles, and was wounded twice, first above the eye and then in the arm, the latter wound compelling her to disclose her sex.

☞ A friend tells a story of a witness who makes a very nice distinction in the shades of *lying*. Being questioned by a lawyer as to the general reputation of another witness for truth, the witness was asked whether the individual was not a notorious liar. "Why," said he, rolling an immense quid of tobacco in his mouth, "not exactly so; but he is what I call an *intermittant* liar."

☞ Mrs. James E. Billings, of East Winsted, Connecticut, while house-cleaning, last week, tossed a paper containing about two pounds of blasting powder into the stove, "just to get rid of it." The kitchen was cleared out in a hurry, stove and all, including Mrs. B., who took an aerial trip out of the windows. Beyond being slightly burned, she was not hurt much.

☞ "I can marry any girl I please," said a young fellow, boastingly. "Very true," replied his waggish companion, "for you can't please any."

☞ "I'm afraid you'll forget me, wife, while I'm away," said a brave volunteer. "Never fear, my dear, the longer you are away in your country's service the better I shall like you." Ambiguous, rather.

☞ There is a family in Vermont so lazy that it takes two of them to chop off a stick of wood. Siah chops while Jim grunts, and then for a change Jim chops and Siah grunts.

THE HUNTER AND MILKMAID.

[illegible]
Oh, early in the morning, for milking I pray!
Sweet, oh sweet is the morning hour,
And sweeter still is you brier bower;
Wreaths of roses I'll twine for thee;
Oh, come, fair maiden, along with me!
Ah, Sir Hunter, my mother is near;
I really mustn't be loitering here!

Thy mother, fair maiden, is far away,
And never will know a word we say;
I'll sing thee a song that ladies sing
In royal castles to please the king—
A wondrous song, whose magical charm
Will keep the singer from every harm.
Hie! Sir Hunter—a fig for your song;
Good-bye! for I must be going along.

Well, if singing will not prevail,
I'll tell thee, then, a terrible tale;
'Tis all about a baron so bold,
Rags and court, and ugly and old,
Who saw the ghost of his murdered wife!
A pleasant story, upon my life!
Ah, Sir Hunter, the story is flat,
I know one worth a dozen of that.

I'll teach thee then, a curious prayer,
Of wondrous power the wolf to scare,
And frighten the witch that hovers nigh,
To blight the young with her evil eye;
Oh, guard, fair maiden, thy beauty well,
A fanciful thing is her wicked spell!
Oh, I can read my missal, you know,
Good-bye, Sir Hunter, for I must go!

Nay, tarry a moment, my charming girl,
Here is a jewel of gold and pearl;
A beautiful cross it is, I ween,
As ever on beauty's breast was seen;
There's nothing at all but love to pay,
Take it and wear it, but only stay!
Ah! Sir Hunter, what excellent taste!
I'm not—in such—particular—haste!

OSMAN AND AMNEH.

A TALE OF CAIRO LIFE.

CHAPTER I.

The Quarter of the Hanafee is well remembered by tourists who have wandered from the Frank region of Cairo in search of the beautiful mosques and picturesque old houses of the Muslim quarters. There is a portion of the Hanafee where, for an Eastern city, the street is wide, though tortuous, and where each curve reveals either a venerable entrance, or a garden wall with the acacia or palm or mulberry tree, so common in Cairo, overtopping it, forming a pleasing contrast to the pale brown of the old walls and doors, and the stone-work painted in horizontal red and white stripes below—the foliage perchance giving a light shade to the passer-by; or a stately mosque, of which each perfect detail helps to form one harmonious whole; or often a spacious house, with windows closely trellised at intervals in the tall blank hareem walls.

There are two houses there, standing side by side. Their terraces and gardens are roofed by trellises covered with vines and flowering creepers. The master of the one was Mustapha Bey, a Turk. He had the Muslim complement of four wives, and a daughter of remarkable beauty, the child of a Georgian slave who was his first and best loved wife, and whose death he had long mourned. In the other house lived the Hanum Zubeydeh, the widow of a wealthy Turk. She was devoted to her three children, and resolutely refused to contract a second marriage. Her eldest son, Osman, inherited the marked features of his father, an Asiatic Turk, and much of the beauty of his Circassian mother. He was eighteen years of age at the time of this story, and Amneh, the daughter of Mustapha Bey, was two years younger. According to Mohammedan regulations, they had been separated for some years—at least so thought their respective parents; but Osman had ascended quietly to the terrace every evening when his tutor left him—*truly*, to feed his pigeons, and turn them out for their evening flight; *secretly*, to talk with Amneh. The pigeon-house was a sufficient excuse for his absence, for almost all young Cairenes spend their evenings with their pigeons.

But a change threatened to come over the scene, and never had the hour of meeting been longed for with such anxiety as when Amneh believed those meetings might be numbered. The Bey had left the hareem in furious anger, ordered his horse, and gone forth. His terrified daughter remained alone for hours; and when evening came, she ascended to the terrace, and resting her head against the separating wall, listened breathlessly for any sound. At the usual time she heard that, step by step, some one was mounting Zubeydeh's terrace-stairs; but the shuffle of a woman's slippers alarmed her. She heard the feeding of the birds, and waited despairingly, until she feared that, by silence, all would be lost; then tremblingly she asked who was there.

"Zeyneb," answered a slave girl, "feeding Osman Effendi's birds."

"Where is he?" she asked, eagerly.

"Gone to the Delta, oh, my mistress, for ten days. His father (peace be on him!) left certain property to the poor people on his estate, and the sons of dogs appointed over the government had done them a grievous wrong, when they sent a statement to my mistress, which led her to send my young master to do them justice."

Amneh's only hope of deliverance was gone. She clasped her hands together, and sank down on the pavement of the terrace. The slave-girl mounted the wall, and dropped down gently by her side. Her eyes were fixed upon the door of the terrace in blank despair, as though she dared not descend. She discovered the secret of Amneh's heart, but did not speak her thoughts. She soothed her and raised her in her arms, and Amneh laid her pale face on the slave's shoulder, and closed her eyes; then big tears found their way under her long dark lashes, to her infinite relief, and she could think of her terrible dangers, and plan some means of help. She determined that she would consult the Hanum Zubeydeh, and would send a message by her slave Zeyneb, to tell her that she wished to visit her on the morrow. She gave the message, and the slave hastened to do her bidding. She had scarcely left the terrace, when Amneh saw a folded paper close to her hand. It was Osman's writing; and she read the lines he had traced with deep joy.

When Zeyneb returned, and glanced at the place where she had laid the paper, she smiled at the changed expression its perusal had produced. Bringing the promise of a cordial welcome from her mistress, she gave it, kissed the hand of Amneh, and left her, feeling a great deal wiser than when she went up to do her young master's bidding.

Though comforted, Amneh was troubled and uncertain. Osman's unfortunate absence was too severe a trial to be borne passively. She read his letter until her eyes were dazzled by the characters; and she resolved to descend, and hear if her father had returned. He was still away; and at length, when he returned late, he did not ask for her. That was a relief, and, she thought, boded well; but the evil that had threatened her in the morning of that day was too horrible to be absent for one moment from her thoughts. After a sleepless night, the early morning found her listlessly suffering the attentions of her slaves. They attired her in yellak and shentyan of green Stamboull silk embroidered with gold. They parted her rich brown hair on her forehead, and plaited it in many braids, to hang down her back, mingled with silk cords decorated with the sparkling safa. A white-and-gold kerchief was folded round the edge of a small fez, which covered the back of her head; and a pair of bracelets, given her by Osman during their happy childhood, completed her costume.

Amneh passed through the garden of her father's house, and entered Zubeydeh's. There the joyous voices of the Hanum's children greeted her, and the merry fellows dragged her into the house to their mother for a warmer welcome still; then discussing sweetmeats brought by their visitor, and running off to give some to their favorite slaves, they left Zubeydeh and Amneh long enough alone for the former to learn the facts of that miserable story which had led her guest to seek refuge in her counsels.

Mustapha had informed his daughter the day before that he had chosen her future husband; that Mohammed Bey, the young and newly-appointed silahdar, had asked her in marriage, had offered a large dowry in addition to that which he himself had promised, and would make her his chief wife. Amneh had thrown herself at his feet, had implored as for her life, or what was dearer, had kissed his hands in an agony of distress; had been spurned by him, and assured by him that her likeness to her mother alone saved her life. All this—all her fears—she told to Zubeydeh; but her love—her hopes—she dared not give utterance to *them*. Osman's mother, however, had *her* hopes also, and those hopes had possessed her heart for years. She kissed the trembling girl, and could not blame her for having shown her utter abhorrence of an unknown husband; for she herself had encouraged rebellion against the usages of Muslim society, where such usages did violence to the good instincts of nature. She comforted Amneh; advised her to make no further opposition to her father's will; to be passive, promising nothing, giving no word of assent, and allowing the preparations to be made. In a fortnight Mustapha had threatened that the marriage should take place. Zubeydeh promised that Osman should return as soon as possible, and help her to plan her rescue. She looked earnestly at Amneh as she said this, and marked the blush that overspread her cheeks at the mention of his name and left them paler than before.

At sunset Amneh returned to her father's house. He had not inquired for her; and, but for the arrival of costly dresses and jewels on the following day, there was no sign of his determination to carry out his cruel project.

A week passed heavily. Amneh was never asked for, and dared not seek an interview with her father. No whisper had reached her of the return of Osman. Each evening had been sorrowfully passed on the terrace, and she had heard Zeyneb and the pigeons, and had listened for other sounds with intense longing. On the eighth evening still it was only Zeyneb; but as she heard her finish her allotted work, and the shuffle of her slippers ceased, Amneh felt sure that other sounds rose from her neighbor's house. There were distant shouts of joy from the little ones. She understood those sounds—safety, happiness, with no chance of disappointment, seemed to form her escape, for she listened; then a trembling step approached, and pressing the wall with a leap, Osman cleared her in his arms. They and freedom were the moments of their stolen meeting; but plans of escape were told to willing ears. Zubeydeh had written to her son of the threatened danger, and he was equal to the emergency. Much was mentally prepared for the escape, and appeared to their young trusting hearts almost perfect; but—a dark fear would still suggest to them—*Will all work well?*

Mustapha Bey sent out his invitations. His hareem invited the Lady Zubeydeh and her younger children, and he asked Osman to join his guests in his mandereh. The wicked was appointed who should meet the friends of the bridegroom, and, on the part of Amneh, arrange with them the dowry of the bride. She heard of this intended meeting, and felt that she was deceiving her father by her apparent submission, and she longed for the evening hour with deep anxiety. The evening brought her no relief; for, as she stood on the terrace, she heard distinctly that Zeyneb fed the birds. Silently she crossed the terrace. She dared not speak, she scarcely dared to breathe, as she stood close to the separating wall. Every sound was familiar to her; and as Zeyneb evidently stood and listened, Amneh pressed her hands on her heart to still its audible throbbing. Softly, step by step, she descended until screened by the winding of the stairs, and then she stopped and listened too. She heard Zeyneb mount the wall, and knew that she must be looking over. All was still for a few minutes, and then was heard the shuffle of her slippers; a little longer, and she was gone. But where was Osman? Why had Zeyneb been sent to the terrace? Perhaps she had left a letter; and Amneh returned and looked eagerly round. No; there was nothing on the terrace, and she left it in despair.

Where was Osman? they asked at his house. Zubeydeh could account to herself for his absence in the morning, but when the evening came even she was puzzled. Early on that day she had examined with him a mysterious-looking slab in the ante-chamber of her bath, which had a loop of iron, through which a ring must originally have passed; and he had often intended to have raised that portion of the marble pavement to look for some old secret way beneath it, for in houses of the date of Zubeydeh's there were often blocked-up stairs or passages. That "Aladdin and his wonderful lamp" had never occurred to his romantic imagination, it would not be wise to assert; but *now*, in grave and solemn earnest, he thought of that room and its curious pavement. His mother agreed with him that it was worth at least the experiment; and Osman set off, unattended, to the quarter of the stonemasons, and chose such tools as he required. After much labor, he cleared the mortar from the slab, and raised it. All was deep and dark beneath, and he replaced it on a broad ledge that received it firmly, laid some carpet over it to conceal the disturbance of the mortar, and rushed to call his mother. Through the spacious house every sound had been heard during the operation. His mother had found full occupation for the children and slaves in busy preparations for the festivity; but many were their expressions of surprise and curiosity as the constant hammering was heard, and it needs no listener in an Eastern city, for the latticed windows and open terraces carry every sound. Zubeydeh remarked that Zeyneb was silent at first; but when several of the slaves declared that the house was haunted, she exclaimed eagerly, "Of course it is!" A little crowd gathered directly around her, and demanded an explanation. "Daughters of donkeys," said she, "have you never heard that insevery house where any death has occurred there are sure to be effreets?" Thus rebuked, the young ones became silent, with the exception of three or four who thought that the conversation might result in a ghost story, and proposed one; but Zeyneb could not improvise. She had said all she cared to say, and resolved to maintain a sullen, determined silence. She watched her mistress as she left them, and noticed the direction of her steps: she understood much, and resolved to fathom all.

Zubeydeh and Osman looked down the aperture he had opened, and they looked so long into the black darkness that at last they saw, far off, the termination of the well, and about half-way a faint gleam of light appeared to come through a small, narrow archway. They understood that there was some communication with either a remote part of their own house, or with some other in the quarter; and securing a rope round Osman's waist, Zubeydeh made the other end fast to a pillar of the bath, and he descended. His mother watched him, and gave no expression to her fears of some accident and the disappointment of his hopes. There was no water in the well, and the sides were smooth. Swinging backwards and forwards when he had reached the archway, he gained a footing within. A vaulted passage was before him, much obstructed by stones and rubbish. One large stone did duty in securing the rope, which he untied from his waist, that he might the better make his way to a second archway, about ten feet before him, where the light discovered to him a chamber beyond.

The quarter of the Hanafee is low, and during the inundation the water of the Nile is, in the lowest parts, within two feet of the surface of the soil; but as it flows through an old, and further, from the river, in the same process of filtration, these traces are left day during the rest of the year. The rise had, however, done no amount of damage, having filled the well above the archway, flooded the passage, and half choked it with debris—the dislodged stones and mortar of its walls. All this must be cleared before it would be possible to make the chamber available for his purpose, and Osman scrambled over the rubbish, gained the second archway, and entered a small, square, light chamber, in perfect condition, with a malkaf open to the clear blue sky. He could scarcely restrain the expression of his joy; but how had it been possible that he had never seen that malkaf from above? He stood mutely wondering, when some of the blue flowers of the Sitt-el-Hosn were wafted through the opening, and fell at his feet. He knew the variety, and remembered that the creeper climbed over the high wall of the harem garden close to the baths. Above, and surrounding the malkaf, rose four walls, answering to the sides of the room, about twelve feet above the roof. For what mysterious purpose had that chamber been constructed, unless for a temporary refuge during the troublous times of the Memlook Beys, or for a living tomb? These thoughts checked the first fresh joy on having made the discovery, and Osman returned to his mother, half fearing that Amneh might not dare the venture. This was the time for confession, and Zubeydeh heard for the first time of the evening meetings on the terrace. She dared not express her approval; she dared not allow to herself how little she blamed her son, for he had acted in direct disobedience to her orders, and to the exactions of her religious faith; but his natural impulse had constrained him to break those bonds, and she forgave and would help him.

It was now decided that Zubeydeh's tent-furniture, its divans and carpet, should be spread in the room as soon as the passage could be cleared, and that then she and Amneh should descend together.

The mother and son separated, she to give employment to her household, and he to go to the market once more for tools.

CHAPTER II.

The slave-girl, Zeyneb, was born in the house. Her mother, an Abyssinian slave, was the wife of a groom who had served the Lady Zubeydeh for thirty years. Zeyneb had loved Osman Effendi from her infancy, had admired him increasingly year by year. She had faithfully done his bidding when intrusted by him with the letter for Amneh, and she had seen the effect that letter had produced. Though quite conscious of her own noble, dark-brown beauty, she saw the grace and tender loveliness of Amneh, and bitter jealousy suddenly possessed her. She resolved to learn for herself the secret of the slab, and glided after her mistress when she was summoned by Osman. Taking her slippers in her hand, she followed noiselessly, at a distance, through the long passages and many turnings of the old house, until she heard the door of the ante-chamber shut, and the bolts fastened within; then she approached, listened, and heard nearly all that passed. An hour later, when her mistress was with the children on the terrace, she hurried to the chamber of the well, and found the door open, and the slab resting against the wall. She paused; then looking down into what seemed to be black darkness compared with the flood of light that poured through the many little apertures of the pierced roof, she stooped and listened. No sound met her ear, so she moved the slab with difficulty, pushed it along the pavement, restored it to its original place, pressed it down on the ledge and spread the carpet over it, and then left the chamber, rejoicing in the mischief.

During that hour Osman had returned by the garden gate, and having shouldered a ladder left by the vine trimmer, which he had had in view for the descent of Zubeydeh and Amneh, had threaded his way through a back passage, and gained the ante-chamber unheard by any member of the household. Poor Osman, grown bold by encouragement, he forgot to bolt the door within. He raised the slab, placed it against the wall where Zeyneb found it, and putting the ladder down the well as far as the archway, he rested the lower end firmly within the passage, and the upper against the opposite wall. Descending with perfect ease, he began his work of clearing earnestly, when suddenly his ear caught the sound of Zeyneb's light foot-fall, and he remembered the open door. He heard the scraping of the heavy slab over the marble pavement, and the jerk with which it settled in its place. His situation was novel, and far from agreeable. He ascended the ladder, and pressed his back against the slab to raise it; but the ladder was too weak to bear the extra strain upon it. To work again, thought he; and to work he went, with a will that shut out the consideration of hunger, thirst, or fatigue, until evening drew on, and then all those evils came upon him.

As the sun, sank the distress of Zubeydeh; it became almost insupportable. Sick at heart, she took a lamp in her hand, went into the ante-chamber, and sitting mournfully on the divan, she buried her face in her hands and wept. She had sent messengers to the quarter Osman had visited before, and they had returned with the same answer; the Effendi had called it an hour after noon. Zeyneb had long watched her as she wandered to and fro, and remarked her, pale and wretched, listening for every sound. She had missed her at last, and, passing through the passages, she saw the light shining through the entrance to the bath. An overwhelming sense of the evil of her doings, evil which she had not fully intended, pressed sorely upon her heart, and she rushed forward and threw herself at the feet of her mistress. Startled and annoyed by the intrusion, Zubeydeh's first impulse was to dismiss her at once; but she looked so crushed and abject that she hesitated, and suffered her to kiss her hands, while her tears flowed over them, and her sobs broke the silence. Once and again she asked the reason of her distress, when Zeyneb raised her streaming eyes, looked into her face for a moment, and said, in broken accents. "Oh, my mistress, I fear that I have caused all your misery. Will you ever forgive me? I don't *know* it—I only *think* it;" and she made a full confession of her jealousy, her determination to listen, and to thwart her master, if possible; but when she came to the point of having found the slab resting against the wall, and of having restored it to its place, Zubeydeh started to her feet, and threw her from her. "Wretched girl!" she exclaimed, "you may have killed my son!" The fear that he had fallen down the well possessed her, and forbidding one more word of explanation, she rolled back the carpet, and taking the tools in her hand that lay on the pavement, she commanded Zeyneb to put forth her utmost strength and help her.

It was well for Osman that he had been trained to manly sentiments. The soft effeminacy of the East had never been suffered to influence his moral or physical progress; therefore, as he lay on the pavement, he forgot his exceedingly thirst in his anxiety to devise some means of escape; but suddenly he heard confused sounds, and, rising instantly, he felt his way along the passage and up the ladder, and he struck the slab beneath just as his mother and Zeyneb combined their efforts to raise it. Thus helped, he pushed it aside, and in another minute was clasped in his mother's arms. Zeyneb screamed, and rushed to the door; but the angry voice of her mistress recalled her, and she turned and stood in the dark doorway, terrified and guilty. She never forgot the misery of that night. Having desired to harass and to hinder, but having had no idea that she had entombed Osman, until his long absence suggested the possibility, she felt, when he rose before her like a spectre, that unless she could establish in his mind, and in that of his mother, the belief that the disastrous result of her mischief had never been anticipated by her, she had better throw herself headlong into the darkness from which she had seen him rise. He looked to Zubeydeh for some explanation of her terror and distress, and she sent Zeyneb for refreshments, commanding her quick return. During the short absence he heard, in few words, the doings of that day, and his mother advised that the slave-girl should be made to swear fidelity, and should be taken into their counsels, to help them in their work. Osman felt nothing for her but pity and forgiveness, and when she returned in eager haste, and set before him a tray of refreshments, he said,

"You never meant to bury me, Zeyneb; and, for my sake, your mistress will forgive you as fully as I do."

Cured of mischief, almost cured of jealousy, she knelt before them, and looked at each imploringly through torrents of tears. Each extended a hand to raise her, and she took and fervently kissed them.

"You are forgiven," said Zubeydeh; "but I require you to swear that you will be faithful to us—that you will never betray our secret."

Zeyneb *did* swear by all held sacred by her religion, and she never broke her faith. She acted in her jealousy and her repentance as Eastern slave-girls, born in their masters' houses, do commonly act. Her woman's instincts roused her, but the child-like obedience she had always paid to her mistress and master was even stronger than her woman's love.

The preparations for the rescue were completed on the next day before the hour of meeting on the terrace, and then Amneh heard of the discovery, the imprisonment, and the release, from the hero of the adventure, and great was her delight. Osman was desired to give an invitation for a visit of inspection on the next day, and all seemed promising.

When Amneh entered the house of Zubeydeh, all the slaves except Zeyneb rushed to meet and congratulate the bride, but darted here and there for a scramble, when a shower of gold coins fell among them from her hand, before they uttered their congratulations. Zubeydeh held back for a moment, that the slaves might enjoy the customary treat that had been prepared for them; and as Amneh passed to meet her, she reached the spot where Zeyneb was standing, with downcast and tearful eyes, and put into her hand a gold coin of higher value than she had thrown; and as Zeyneb kissed the small white hand, she raised her eyes to Amneh's, and saw hers fill with tears. Osman had so faithfully represented her deep abasement, and moreover had so lightly colored his sketch of her design when she secured him in his retreat, that Amneh quite loved the delinquent, and was impatient to prove her affection. To Zeyneb's honor be it told, that her gratitude was as deep as her repentance.

Zubeydeh and Amneh descended together to the little chamber. The bright test-flame was spread, and in the middle was a tray of sherbet, fruits, and sweetmeats, on a stool of ebony inlaid with mother-of-pearl. With a happy but hushed voice Amneh declared that the place was not only habitable, but luxurious.

On the following day the bridal festivities commenced, and were continued through dreary days and nights,—dreary because the master and mistress of the festival had no heart in the rejoicings that rung through the spacious old house. She, mutely suffering all the changes of dress and decoration that were expected by her guests and attendants; he, entertaining, or rather enduring, the crowd of visitors that thronged his reception-rooms. Musicians and singers maintained a constant flow of jubilant sounds; dancing-girls, theatrical performers, and wrestlers, and athletic games of various kinds, in turns amused the guests.

The day arrived when the bride should pass in grand procession to the house of the expectant bridegroom, *neither having previously seen the other*. Amneh, having selected the jewels her mother left her, and those she possessed before the wedding acquisitions, and put them in a casket, took the latter in her hand, and early in the morning entered the ante-chamber of her own bath, and bolted the door. It is customary that a bride should take a bath on that day before being attired in her wedding-dress; therefore no one remarked upon her absence, except that her refusal to admit the bathing-woman excited some surprise. She saw the top of a ladder placed against the outer sill of the narrow trellised window; and her whisper of Osman's name obtained his immediate answer, with the ready assurance that all was prepared. To remove the light trellis, and help the trembling girl through the aperture, and then to hold her in his arms until she had descended the ladder and was standing securely on the top of a broad wall protected on the one side by the higher wall of the upper terrace, was the work of a few anxious moments; but after that to restore the trellis, and fix it firmly in its place, occupied a longer time. He then placed the ladder against a window of his mother's house, and Amneh bravely mounted. When she reached it, and Osman heard the voice of Zubeydeh, he felt more deep joy, more triumph, than in his young life he had ever known before. He felt that his work was done.

By a passage that led to the secret chamber they passed silently along. Zubeydeh and Amneh descended, Osman returned to the terrace to remove the ladder, and prevent the possibility of tracing the manner of escape.

They were expected early that day at the final festival, for it was the grand day of the long marriage feast. The Lady Zubeydeh, fully attired, with her children and her slaves, entered the house of Mustapha Bey, and ascended to the hareem. Osman Effendi entered the mandarah. On the countenances of the Bey there was no trace of relaxation of purpose. The compressed lips and the expression of settled gloom distanced all who had intended to congratulate, while the indifferent, caring only for feasting and fantasia, kept up the spirit of the entertainment.

In the hareem the bridal dress and jewels were spread on the divan—but the bride! She was expected in vain. The three slaves who were her personal attendants called for her so often at the door leading to her bath, that at length they became frightened, and sat at the end of the passage, crying and swaying to and fro. As the guests in the hareem were attracted by the sound, their grief burst forth in loud wails. These sounds caught the ear of the Bey, down in the saloon open to the inner court, and he broke the silence he had preserved, and demanded an explanation. It was briefly given; and he rose instantly, clasped the hilt of his sword, and desired that the way might be cleared, that he might enter the hareem. Heavily his feet fell on the marble staircase, as he ascended to the bath; but after giving his orders he was silent; perhaps his rage was too deep for utterance. The slaves—all were silent; the guests were veiled or hidden. There was a loud crash; the door had given way; the Bey had thrown his weight upon it, and it fell inwards. He strode over it, and drew his sword, whether for murder or intimidation no one knew; but the slaves shrieked violently, and rushed in before their master. A dead silence followed; but the strong man's rage was quelled. He restored his sword to its scabbard, and stood in the centre of the bath, looking wildly around. Cold perspiration broke forth at every pore, his knees knocked together, every joint trembled, and when at length he moved towards the door, he muttered, "The effect of the bath has seized her," and he quietly passed to his chamber. The bath is supposed by the people of Eastern cities to be the peculiar abode of spirits; and as almost every house is haunted, it is in the private bath of the house that the effreet generally appears. So impressed are the Mohammedans by this idea, that they paint a red cross over the door of the bath, to keep away the effreets, and never say their prayers within a bath. Happily Mustapha Bey was full of this superstition, and be-

lieved that he was thwarted by supernatural agency; for no footsign any attempt at inquiry or pursuit. The guests departed; and the great event of the day remained a mystery.

Two days later the camel-litter of Zobeydeh halted at the garden gate opening into the street at the back of the Hanafee, and she, with two closely veiled companions, entered it. Osman's horse was prancing near, the groom coaxing and scolding it by turns. Soon its master mounted, and entering past the litter, preceded it to Boolak. There a boat awaited them; and they embarked, and floated down the stream. Deeply they drew their breath as they looked on the calm bosom of the Nile.

Zobeydeh had a country-house a little below Menouf in the Delta, with gardens sloping to the river's bank. Here she had a steward and several servants, and here she left Ameeh and Zeyneb, in the harem apartments, where they would be waited upon but never seen, and returned with her son to Cairo. During their stay it was safe to visit them, no one suspecting the Lady Zobeydeh of aught but a love for free country air, or wondering that, as usual, she did not go alone.

Soon Mustapha Bey fell ill, and consulted a French physician. He told the doctor that his house was haunted, that an effrit had deprived him of his daughter on her wedding-day. The Frenchman laughed at the superstition, and suggested that the person he had proposed to his daughter might have been distasteful to her, or that she might have chosen for herself, and escaped to avoid a hateful marriage. The Bey informed him that freedom of choice was never allowed to girls of family or fortune; upon which the physician uttered such words of abuse of the Mohammedan religion in general, and of Eastern observances in particular, that but for the great man's reliance on his medical skill the honest doctor would have received his *congé*. His words, however, had their effect. Very gradually his patient became convinced that there was some reason in these arguments. The temper of his mind improved, and he swore by the Koran, that if his daughter were living, and would return to him, and ask his forgiveness, he would grant it.

Zubeydeh had kept up constant intercourse with the wives of Mustapha Bey, and heard from them of the skill of the French doctor, and its effect upon his patient. As she was never suspected of any share in the escape or disappearance of Ameeh, she sent a message to the Bey, offering to visit the neighboring harems in search of her; and he gladly accepted the offer. On that afternoon she carried the extraordinary news to Ameeh. It was decided that the manner of her escape, and the names of her deliverers, should never be known to her father; that she should write to him, and declare that the mutual love of children had grown into the deep affection that no earthly power could destroy; that she would thankfully return to him, and crave forgiveness, if he would promise that he would never require her to marry other than Osman. The letter was conveyed to Mustapha. He took a day for consideration; and then answered, "I will receive you, and I will not control your will."

A few days later, and the same bridal dresses, and nearly the same entertainment, were prepared; but there was no scowl on the brow of Mustapha Bey. In the country-house below Menouf, Osman and Ameeh passed the first month of their married life, before returning, as is usual in the East, to live in the old house in the Hanafee.

Of the fortunes of poor Zeyneb we may some day have more to tell.

AN ARMY ON THE MARCH.

This spectacle I have seen. It is a novel one, and suggestive. What say you to droves of armed men, of a brigade or division, in a procession two or three miles long? Following them are regiments of cavalry and batteries of artillery; and, were the line kept unbroken, it would thus be lengthened a mile or so more. Then comes on a train of ambulances and wagons, numbering as high as four hundred, most of them drawn by four or six mules or horses. This will add two or three miles more, and you have a procession five to eight miles in length. Such a one passed a point on the road where I was staying. It was over four hours in passing, with but little stoppage, and the mules and horses certainly walked two and a-half miles an hour. If the road is dry the cloud of dust thus kicked up is really prodigious. I have seen dust in Illinois—breathed it in the streets and suburbs of Chicago—but I never before wallowed in dust and ate it down in great gulps, until getting mixed in with these army trains. This description of a procession refers only to one division or brigade, say 10,000 men, with their teams, &c. Imagine eight or ten such processions, and you see this great army in motion.

☞ Appearances are deceitful. Embrace the plumpest girl now-a-days, and what do you encounter? The ribs of her skeleton.

☞ When you meet a sailor "half seas over," you may be pretty sure he has "doubled the Horn."

☞ Question for Etymologists.—Do the "roots of words" produce "flowers of speech?"

UNRECONCILED.

BY IRIS.

Yes, you can fold your hands, and say,
With easing tears, "'Tis for the best;"
But I look down life's dusty way,
For heart or hand I see no rest.

"In vain," you say, "to struggle so;"
I know—but still against the bars
My wild heart beats with throb and throe;
My darkness knows no cheering stars.

I cannot see why my young life
Must ever wear some galling chain;
I love the flowers; my path is rife
With weeds dismaying, thorns that pain.

Some souls there be that, anguished off,
Can learn to suffer and to wait,
And smiling while their tears fall soft,
Watch patiently at Heaven's gate.

And some there be whose fiercer fires,
Through all that smothers, on must burn,
Nor yield to aught their strong desires,
Though every hope to ashes turn.

And so with me; I cannot lay,
Like you, my forehead in the dust;
And when "God's will be done" you pray,
My heart says, "Yes—because it must."

Yet, Christian soul, still pray for me,
Who for myself can say no prayer,
As through the mad world restlessly
My heavy, thorny cross I bear.

Perchance some day my stubborn heart
May be again as when a child,
I walk no more from God apart,
No more be writ *unreconciled*.

SQUIRE TREVLYN'S HEIR.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "VERNER'S PRIDE," "EAST LYNNE," "THE CHANNINGS," ETC.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1863, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE DANGER COMING VERY CLOSE.

If they had possessed extraordinarily good eyes, any one of the three, they might have detected a head peering at them over a hedge about two fields off, in the direction of Trevlyn Hold. The head was Mr. Chattaway's. That gentleman rode home from the lodge, after hearing old Canham's account of the mysterious visit, in a state not to be described. Encountering Miss Diana, he dispatched her, with Octave, to the lodge to see after his wife; he met George Ryle, and told him *his* services were no further needed—that madam neither wanted him nor the brandy; he sent his horse to the stable, and went in-doors; all in a confused state of agitation, as if he scarcely knew what he was about.

Dinner was ready; the servants were perplexed at nobody's coming in for it, was the complaint that one of them came to pour into his ear: would the squire sit down to it without madam? *He* sit down to dinner—in that awful uncertainty. No; rather would he steal out and poke and pry about until he had learned something.

Mr. Chattaway quitted the house again, and plunged into the fields. He did not go back down the avenue, go openly past the lodge into the road; timorous cowards, with their fear upon them, prowl about stealthily as Chattaway was doing now. Very grievously was the fear upon him.

He walked hither; he walked thither; he stood for some minutes stock still in the field which had once been so fatal to poor Mr. Ryle; his arms were folded, his head was bent, his newly-awakened imagination was in unpleasant play. He crept to the hedge of the outer field, and walked up under its cover until he came opposite all that hubbub and confusion. There he halted, and picked himself a peep-hole, and took in by degrees all that was to be seen; the razor-grinder and his machine near, the dog-cart and its dilapidations yonder, the mob everywhere. Eagerly, breathlessly, anxiously did his restless eyes scan that mob; but him upon whom they hoped to rest was not among them. For you may be very sure that Mr. Chattaway was looking after none but the dreaded stranger.

Miserly as he was, he would have given a ten pound note out of his pocket to obtain only a minute's look at him. He had been telling over all the enemies he had ever made, so far as he could call them up. Was it one of those?—some one who might owe him a grudge, and was taking this way to pay it out? Or was it a danger coming from a totally unknown quarter? Ten pounds! Chattaway would have given fifty then for a good view of the man; and his eyes paid no heed whatever to unfriendly thorns in their feverish anxiety to penetrate to the very last of that lazy throng, idling away the summer's afternoon.

He was certainly not among them. Chattaway knew every chattering soul of the whole lot. Some of his unconscious laborers made a part, and he only wished he dared appear and send them flying. But he did not care to appear; if ever there was a certain man whose blankly and his business was concerned, it was Chattaway; and he would not run the risk of meeting this man openly, face to face. No, no; rather let him get a bird's-eye view of him first, that he might be upon his guard.

It was of no use looking any longer at the *débris* in the road and the gatherers round it. The state of the dog-cart did not tend to soothe his feelings by any means; neither did the sight of George Ryle, who passed through the crowd in the direction of his own home; he could see what a pretty penny it would take to repair the one; he knew not how many pence it might take to set to rights any mischief being hatched by the other. Mr. Chattaway turned away. He bore along noiselessly by the side of the hedge, and then over a stile into a lower field, and then into another. That brought him in view of Trevlyn Farm, and—and—what did his restless eyes catch sight of?

Leaning on the field-yard gate inside, dressed up in a style that was not often seen, stood Nora Dickson; on the other side was George Ryle, and with him one who might be recognized at the first glance—the strange-looking man, with his white hair, his red umbrella, and his queer hat, described by old Canham. There could be no mistake about it; he it was; and the perspiration poured off the master of Trevlyn Hold in his mortal fear.

What were they hatching, those three? what *were* they hatching? That it did look suspicious must be confessed, to one whose fears were awakened as were Chattaway's; for their heads were in close contact, and their attention absorbed. Was he stopping at Trevlyn Farm, this man of treason? Undoubtedly he was; else why should Nora Dickson be decked out in company attire? Chattaway had always believed George Ryle to be a rogue, but now he knew him to be one.

It was a pity that Chattaway could not be listening as well as peeping. He would but have heard the gentleman explain to George Ryle who he was; his name, his calling, and where he was visiting in Barbrook; so far, Chattaway's doubts would have been at rest; he would have heard no worse. George was less impulsive than Nora, and would not be likely to enter on the discussion of the claims of Rupert Trevlyn *versus* Chattaway, with a new acquaintance.

A very few minutes, and they separated. The conversation had been general since George came up; not a word having been said that could have frightened intruding ears. Nora hastened in-doors; George turned off to his rick yard; and the stranger stood in the road and gazed leisurely about him, as if he were considering the points for a sketch in water colors. Presently he disappeared from Chattaway's view.

That gentleman, taking a short while to recover himself, came to the conclusion that he might as well disappear too, in the direction of his home; where no doubt the dinner was arrested, and its hungry candidates speculating upon what could have become of the master. It was of no use his remaining where he was. He had ascertained one point—that the dreaded enemy was an utter stranger to him. More than that he did not see that he could ascertain, in this early stage. He could not go boldly up to Nora or to George Ryle, and tax them with their treachery, and demand who and what the stranger was; he could still less go to the man himself. Cunning must be met with cunning; and the owner of Trevlyn Hold would no more have confessed to any fear or doubt upon him that he should lose Trevlyn Hold, than he would have resigned that desirable possession voluntarily.

He wiped his damp face and set forth on his walk home, stepping out pretty briskly. It was as undesirable that suspicion should be directed towards his fear by those at home, as by any, out. Where only an inkling of his fear to get abroad, it seemed to Chattaway that it would be half the business towards the wresting from him of Trevlyn Hold; he would not have it known that he feared it *could* be wrested from him. He walked on therefore briskly, concocting a tale to account for his delay—that he had been to see a cow that was ill.

With the motion of walking, his courage partly came back to him; so exhilarating is bodily action on the human mind. The reaction once set in, his hopes went up, until he almost began to despise his recent terrible fear. It was absurd, he reasoned with himself; absurd to suppose this stranger could have anything to do with himself and Rupert Trevlyn. He was but some inquisitive traveller looking about the place for his amusement, and in so doing had picked up bits of gossip, and sought further information about them—all to while away an idle hour. Besides, the will was the *sea*s, and it *could not* be set aside; in our well-governed country, a dead man's will, legally made, was held inviolate. If all the old women philanthropists of the kingdom ranged themselves into a body and took up the cause of Rupert Trevlyn, they could not act against that will. What a fool he had been to put himself in a fever over the man?

These consoling thoughts drowning the mind's latent dread—or rather making believe to do so, for that the dread was there yet, and would not be drowned, Chattaway was miserably conscious of—he paced along quicker and quicker. At last it came to a run, and in turning into another field, he nearly bleated down a man reading in the same direction, and who had come up at right angles; a laborer, named Hatch, who worked on his farm.

It was a good opportunity for Mr. Chattaway to let off a little of his ill-humor, and he demanded where the man had been skulking, and why he was away from his work. Hatch deprecatingly answered, that hearing of the accident to madam and the young squire, he and his fellow laborers had been induced to run to the spot in the hope of affording help.

"Hold your tongue," said Mr. Chattaway. "Help! you went off to see what there was to be seen, and for nothing else, leaving the rick half made. I have a great mind to dock you of a half day's pay. What? Not been away five minutes? Why, its—its—"

He came to a momentary standstill. He could not say, as he was about to do, "it's a good twenty since I saw you there," for that would have betrayed more than he wished to betray. He changed the words.

"You have been there over so long; you know you have. Is there such a deal to look at in a broken dog-cart that you and the rest of you must neglect my work?"

The man took off his straw hat and rubbed his hair gently; his common resort when in a quandary. They *had* hindered a great deal more time than was necessary even allowing that their going to the scene of action was essential; and they had certainly not bargained for its getting to the ears of the squire. Hatch, too simple to invent ready excuses, could only make the best of the naked facts as they stood.

"T'warn't looking at the dog-cart what kep' us, squire. 'Twere listening to a strange-looking gentleman what were there; a man with a white beard and a red umbrella. He were talking about this here place, Trevlyn Hold, a saying as it belonged to Master Rupert, and he were going to help him to it."

Chattaway turned away his face. Instinct taught him that even this stolid serf should not see the cold moisture that suddenly oozed out from its every pore.

"*What* did he say?" he cried, commanding his voice to an accent of scorn.

Hatch considered. And you—who heard what the man with the white beard really did say—must not too greatly blame the exaggeration of the reply. Hatch did not purposely deceive his master; but he did what a great many of us are too apt to do—he answered according to the impression on his imagination. He and the rest of the listeners had drawn their own conclusions, and it was in accordance with those conclusions he now spoke, rather than with the actual words he had heard. Had anybody told Hatch he was telling untruths, he would have stared in amazement.

"He said for one thing, squire, as he didn't like you. 'It were—"

"How does he know me?" broke from Mr. Chattaway, in his impulsiveness.

"Nora Dickson—'twere she he were talking to—asked him, but he wouldn't answer. He's a lawyer, he is, and—"

"How do you know that he is a lawyer?" again interrupted Mr. Chattaway.

"Cause he said it," was the prompt reply of Hatch. And the man had no idea that it was an untruthful one. He as much believed the white-bearded stranger to be a lawyer as that he himself was a day laborer. "He said as he had come here to help Master Rupert to his rights; he said as he had come to displace you from 'em. Our hairs stood all a end to hear him, squire."

"Who is he?—where does he come from?" And to save his very life Chattaway could not have helped the words issuing forth in gasps.

"He never said where he come from—save that he hadn't been in England for a many year. We was a wondering among ourselves where he come from after he went off with Nora Dickson."

"Does she know?"

"No, that her don't, squire. He come up while she were a standing there, and she wondered who he were, like we did. 'Twere through her asking of him questions that he said so much."

"But—what has he to do with my affairs?—what has he to do with Rupert Trevlyn?" passionately rejoined Mr. Chattaway.

It was a query that Hatch was unable to answer, and he had recourse to his hair again.

"He said as he were a friend of the dead heir, Mr. Joe—I mind well he said that—and he said as he had come to this here place partly to see Master Rupert. He didn't seem to have knowed afore as Master Rupert had not got the Hold, and Nora Dickson—she's free of tongue, she is—asked if he'd lived in a wood not to ha' knowed that. So then he said as he should help him to his rights, and Nora she said, 'What, and displace Chattaway?' and he said, 'Yes.' We was so took aback, squire, as we stopped a bit longer maybe nor we ought, and that's what it was as kep' us from the rick."

Every pulse of his heart beating to violence, every drop of blood coursing on in fiery heat, the master of Trevlyn Hold reached his home. He went in-doors; and left his hat in the hall, and entered the dining-room, like a man in some awful dream. A friend of Joe Trevlyn's!—come to help Rupert to his rights!—to displace *him!* the words were ringing their changes on his brain.

They had not waited dinner. It had been Miss Diana's opinion that it should be commenced, and Mr. Chattaway took a most mechanical. Mechanically he heard that his wife had declined partaking of it—had been sick when she reached home; that Rupert, after a hasty meal, had gone up-stairs to lie down, at the recommendation of Miss Diana; that Cris had now gone to the damaged dog-cart; he was as a man stunned. Miss Diana, who in his absence had taken the head of the table, called for a warm plate, and sent some meat to Mr. Chattaway. He put a mouthful in his mouth, and found he could not swallow it.

"Have you dined out?" inquired Miss Diana, perceiving that he laid down his knife and fork.

"No; but I am not hungry. I'll have a drop of brandy-and-water, I think. Get some hot water, James."

The man brought the water, and Maude rose from her seat and mixed the liquor. She placed the glass before him, and hastened to bring some biscuits.

"They are very nice," she said, in a timid voice. "Fresh made to-day." It was impossible for Maude Trevlyn to speak otherwise than timidly to Mr. Chattaway.

"No, my dear, thank you. I can't eat them now."

Was it *Chattaway* speaking in that gentle tone—in those affectionate words? Maude blushed with the novelty, and Octave looked up in amazement. Octave came to the conclusion that her papa believed he had been speaking to her. Octave Chattaway had yet to learn that there is nothing like the near anticipation of some dreadful evil for taking the spirit out of a man or woman. Chattaway felt utterly unmanned.

The cloth was removed, and the dessert placed upon the table. After eating a little fruit, the younger ones dispersed; Maude went up-stairs to see how Mrs. Chattaway was; the rest to the drawing-room. The master of Trevlyn Hold paced the carpet, buried in thought. It was broken in upon by Miss Diana.

"Squire, I am not satisfied with the appearance of Rupert Trevlyn. I fear he may be falling into worse health than usual; and it must be looked to, and more care taken of him. I intend to buy him a pony to ride to and fro between here and Blackstone."

Had Miss Diana expressed her intention to purchase ten ponies for Rupert, it would have made no impression then on Chattaway. In this terrible suspense and fear, a pony more or less was as an insignificant thing, and he received the announcement in meek silence, to the intense surprise of Miss Diana, who had expected to see him turn round in a blaze of anger.

"Are you not well?" she asked.

"Well? Quite well. I—I heated myself with riding, and—and feel chilly for it now. What should hinder my well being?" he continued, recentifully.

"I say I shall buy a pony for Rupert. Those walks backwards and forwards to Blackstone are too much for him. I think it must be they which are making him feel so ill; so I shall buy a pony for him."

"I wish you'd not bother me!" peevishly rejoined Chattaway. "Buy it, if you like. What do I care?"

"I'll thank you to be civil to *me*, Mr. Chattaway," said Miss Diana, with emphasis. "It is of no use of your being put out about this business of Cris and the accident. And that's what you are, I suppose. Fretting over it won't mend it."

Mr. Chattaway caught at the mistake, eagerly favoring it.

"It was such an idiotic trick, to put an untried horse into harness, and to let it smash the dog cart! Cris did it in direct disobedience, too. I had told him he should not buy that horse."

"Cris does many things in disobedience," calmly rejoined Miss Diana. "I hope it has not injured Edith."

"She must have been foolish—"

A ring at the hall bell—a loud, long, imperative ring—and Mr. Chattaway's voice abruptly stopped. *He* stopped; stopped in his walk, and stood stock still in the midst of the carpet, his eyes and ears alike open, his head bent forward, his whole senses on the alert. A prevision rushed over him that the messenger of evil had come.

"Are you expecting any one?" exclaimed Miss Diana.

"Be still, can't you?" almost shrieked Chattaway, throwing his hands aloft as in imploring agony. Her voice hindered his listening.

They were opening the hall door then, and Chattaway's face was turning to a livid pallor. There appeared to ensue a colloquy, and then James came into the room.

"A gentleman, sir, is asking to see Mr. Rupert."

"What gentleman?" interposed Miss Diana, before Chattaway could move or look.

"I don't know him, ma'am," replied James. "He seems strange to the place. He has got a white beard, and looks foreign."

"He wants Mr. Rupert, did you say?"

"When I opened the door first, ma'am, he asked if he could see young Squire Trevlyn; so I wanted to know who he meant, and said my master, Mr. Chattaway, was the squire, and he replied that he meant the rightful squire, Master Rupert, the son of Squire Trevlyn's heir, Mr. Joe, who had died abroad. He is waiting, ma'am."

Chattaway turned his white face upon the man. His shaking hands, his stealthy movements, showed his abject misery, and in very voice, which had dropped to the deepest whisper—

"Mr. Rupert is in bed, and must be done, James. Go and say so."

Miss Diana had cried in very astonishment—first, at the words repeated by master's servant, at Mr. Chattaway's strange demeanor. "Why, who is it?" she cried out again.

"He didn't say his name, ma'am."

"Will you go, James?" inquired Mr. Chattaway. "Go—go! Get rid of the man."

"But he shall not get rid of him," interrupted Miss Diana. "I shall see the man. It is the strangest message I ever heard in my life. What are you thinking of, Chattaway?"

"Be still! Stop where you are!" entreated Mr. Chattaway, running Miss Diana's passage to the door. "Do you hear, James? Go and get rid of the man. Tell him sir, I am very sick."

Did Mr. Chattaway fear that the visitor had come to take possession of the house in Rupert's name? Miss Diana could only look at him in wonderment. His face was the hue of the grave, and the drops of water were pouring from it; he was evidently almost beside himself with some wild terror. For once in her life she did not assert her will, but suffered James to leave the room and "get rid" of the visitor, in obedience to Mr. Chattaway.

He appeared to have no trouble in accomplishing it. A moment, and the hall door was heard to close upon him. Chattaway opened that of the dining-room.

"What did he say?"

"He said nothing, sir, except that he'd call again."

"James, does he—does he look like a madman?" cried Mr. Chattaway, his tone changing to one of what might almost be called entreaty. "Is he insane, do you think? I could not let a madman stop in the house, you know."

"I don't know, sir, I'm sure. His words was very odd, but he didn't seem mad, for all that."

Mr. Chattaway closed the door on the servant, and turned to his sister-in-law, who grew regarding him in doubt, more puzzled than she had ever been in her life.

"I think it is you who are mad, Chattaway."

"Hush, Diana! I have heard of this man before. Sit down, and I will tell you about him."

He had come to a rapid conclusion that it would be better to tell her—to make her the confidant of the terrible news come to light. Not of his own fears, or of the latent dread which had lain deep in his heart; only of this that he had heard.

We have seen how the words of the stranger had been exaggerated by Hatch to Mr. Chattaway, and perhaps he now unconsciously exaggerated Hatch's words to him. Miss Diana listened in consternation. A lawyer!—come down here to depose them from Trevlyn Hold, and institute Rupert in it! "I never heard of such a thing!" she exclaimed. "He can't do it, you know, Chattaway."

Chattaway coughed ruefully. "Of course he can't. At least, I don't see how he can, or anybody else. My opinion is that the man *is* mad."

Diana Trevlyn was falling into thought. "A friend of Joe's!" she mused aloud. "Chattaway, could Joe have left a will?"

"Nonsense!" said Chattaway. He had thought the case over and over in all its bearings, and knew no harm could come from that quarter. If Joe Trevlyn left a dozen wills, they would be null and void. He died in his father's lifetime, and the property was not his to leave."

"True. There can be no possibility of danger," she added, after a pause. "We may dismiss all fear as the idle wind."

"I wonder whether Rupert knows anything of this?"

"Rupert! What should he know of it?"

"I can't say," returned Mr. Chattaway, significantly. "I think—I think I'll go up and ask him," he added, in a sort of feverish impulse.

Without a moment's pause, not waiting to hear what Miss Diana was saying, he hastened up the stairs to Rupert's room. But the room was empty!

Mr. Chattaway stood transfixed. He had fully believed Rupert to be in his bed, and the silent bed, unpressed, seemed to mock him. A strangely wild fear came over him that Rupert's pretence of going to bed had been but a *ruse*—that he was gone out to meet that dangerous stranger.

He flew down the stairs like one possessed; he dashed into rooms, shouting "Rupert! Rupert!" The household stole forth to look at him, and the walls echoed the name, "Rupert! Rupert!" But from Rupert himself there came no answer. He was not in the Hold.

CHAPTER XXIX.

A MEETING AT MARK CANHAM'S.

The evening sun was setting gloriously as Rupert Trevlyn left the Hold. Miss Diana had recommended him to go and lie down: he had eaten but little dinner; he said he felt tired, and therefore she recommended it. Rupert was not a strong man, who might be laughed at for indulging his fatigue: only on this very day Miss Diana had begun to

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[illegible] that he was too strong [illegible] And that child will be."

Rupert stepped slowly up the stairs. As he was leaving Mrs. Chattaway's sitting-room, she called out, suggesting it to be one of the maids, and Rupert went in. Mrs. Chattaway had taken a cup of tea, and was lying on her sofa. The accident had indeed shaken her.

"Are you feeling it very much, Aunt Bessie?"

"I am just now, Rupert; more than I did at the time. I shall be better after a night's rest. Will you draw the blind up higher, dear? That bright sun is too cheering to be lost."

Rupert drew up the blind to its full height, and the great beauty of the afternoon burst upon his gaze. The sun was near the horizon, but it seemed to have flooded the whole side of the heavens with its cheer of light. "What a shame to shut one's self up from it!" he involuntarily exclaimed. "I think I'll stroll out a bit instead."

"What did you say, dear?"

"Not much," replied Rupert. "Aunt Diana advised me to lie down; but I think I'll go out into that sunshine first; it will do me more good."

"Yes, I think it will. Have they finished dinner?"

"Mostly—those who are at it. Mr. Chattaway's not come in, and Cris is gone off to get home the dog-cart."

"Where is Mr. Chattaway?"

Rupert did not know. He quitted the room and the house, and took his way leisurely down the avenue. It happened that nobody saw him go out; therefore, when, a short while afterwards, Mr. Chattaway called for him up and down, his absence wore almost a clandestine appearance—quite a clandestine one in the eyes of that suspicious gentleman. Rupert got as far as the lodge, went in and flung himself on the settle, opposite old Canham and his pipe.

"How's madam?" asked the old man.

"What an accident it might have been!"

"So it might," assented Rupert. "Madam will be better after a night's rest. Cris might have killed her. I wonder how he'd have felt then?"

When Rupert came to an anchor, no matter where, he was somewhat unwilling to move from it. The settle was no comfortable seat—rather the contrary—but Rupert stuck to it, talking and laughing with old Canham. Ann was at the window, catching what remained of the fading light for her sewing.

"Here's that stranger gentleman again, father!" she suddenly exclaimed in a whisper.

Old Canham turned his head, and Rupert turned his. The gentleman with the beard was going by, in the direction of Treviyn Hold, as if about to make a call there.

"Ay, that's him," cried old Canham.

"What a queer looking chap!" exclaimed Rupert. "Who is he?"

"I can't make out," was old Canham's reply. "Me and Ann have been a' talking of him. He come strolling inside the gates this afternoon with a red umberellet, a-looking here and a-looking there, and at last he see us, and come up and asked what place this was; and when I told him it was Treviyn Hold, he said Treviyn Hold was what he had been seeking for, and he stood there talking, a matter o' twenty minutes, leaning his arms on the winder-sill. He thought you was the squire, Master Rupert. He had got a red umberellet," repeated old Canham, as if the fact were something remarkable.

Rupert glanced up in surprise. "Thought I was the squire?"

"He came into this neighborhood, he said, believing nothing less but that you were the rightful squire, and he couldn't make out yet why you were not; he had been away from England a many years, he said, and had been all the while believing it. He said you were the true squire, and you should be helped to your rights."

"Why! who can he be?" exclaimed Rupert, in excitement.

"Ah, that's it—who he can be," returned old Canham. "Me and Ann have been a-wondering. He said—leastways, he as good as said—that he used to be a friend of the dead lady, Mr. Joe. Master Rupert, who knows but he may be somebody come to place you in the Hold?"

Rupert was leaning forward on the settle, his elbow on his knee, his eyes fixed on old Canham.

"How could he do that?" he asked, after a pause. "How could anybody do it?"

"It's not for us to say how, Master Rupert. If anybody in these parts could have said how it could be done, maybe you'd have been in it long afore this. That there stranger is a cute 'un, I know. White beards always is a sign of wisdom."

Rupert laughed. "I suppose you are thinking of the patriarchs; and we are apt to attribute wisdom to them. That man, now gone by, struck me as not an inapt representation of our ideas of a patriarch, as shown to us in pictures. Only—"

"He ain't broad enough," interrupted old Canham; and Rupert laughed again at the correct tone. "Look at them patriarchs on the east winder at church, Master Rupert; what fine broad men they be! This one's a lawyer, as it strikes me, and if he is come to help you in your rights, we shall all bless him for't."

"Look here, Mark. It's no good going over that ground again. I have heard about my 'rights' until I am tired. The subject vexes me; it makes me cross from its very hopelessness. I wish I had been born without rights."

"But you weren't born without 'em," contended old Canham. "Your grandfather was the squire of Treviyn Hold, and Mr. Joe, he was the heir—after the first heir, Mr. Rupert, died; and you be Mr. Joe's son. You couldn't born without rights."

"Old ground, old ground, Mark," cried Rupert, impatiently. "I wish you'd not go over it. It's all true enough; I know it as well as you: my grandfather was the squire of Treviyn Hold, and my father was the heir, and I am my father's son. But there the rights end. The rights are Chattaway's, and they never can be mine."

"This stranger, when he called you the heir of Treviyn Hold, and I told him you were not the heir, he said I was right; you were not the heir, but the owner," persisted old Canham.

"Then he knew nothing about it," returned Rupert. "It's *impossible* that Chattaway can be put out of Treviyn Hold."

"Master Rupert, there has always been a feeling upon me that he will be put out of it," resumed old Canham. "He came to it by wrongs, and wrongs never lasts out very long without being righted. Who knows that the same feeling ain't on Chattaway? He turned the color of my Sunday smock frock when I telled him o' this stranger's having been here, and what he'd said."

"Did you tell him?" quickly cried Rupert.

"I telled him. I didn't mean to, but it come out of me uncautious-like. I called you the young heir to his face, and I excused myself by saying that him, the stranger, had been a calling you so, and I spoke out the same without thought. Then, in course, he wanted to know what stranger, and all about him. It was when madam was resting here after the accident. Chattaway rode by and saw her, and got off his horse: it was the first he knew of the accident. If what I said didn't frighten him, I never had a day's rheumatis in my life. His face went as white as madam's."

"Chattaway go white!" scoffed Rupert. "What next? I tell you what it is, Mark; you fancy things. Aunt Edith may have been white: she often is; but not he. Chattaway knows that Treviyn Hold is his, safe and sure. Nothing can take it from him—unless Squire Treviyn came to life again and made a fresh will. He's not likely to do that, Mark."

"No; he's not likely to do that," assented the old man. "Once we be out of this world, Master Rupert, we don't come back again. The injustice as we have left behind us—and some of us do leave injustice—can't be repaired in that way."

Rupert rose. He went to the window, opened it, and leaned out, whistling. He was tired of the subject of "injustice" as touching himself; he had long believed it to be a theme entirely unprofitable. He whistled through a whole piece of music that Maude was in the habit of playing, and then spoke to Ann—

"Are you going to help at the Ryles' harvest home?"

"I b'lieve so, sir. Miss Dickson said she should want me."

Rupert recommenced his whistling; he had only interrupted it to ask the question, some train of thought no doubt suggesting it. But ere the conclusion of the first bar it again came to an abrupt close. Footsteps, not recognized by Rupert, were coming down the avenue; he made no doubt they belonged to the stranger. It cannot be denied that Rupert's curiosity had been somewhat aroused: though he utterly repudiated old Canham's fanciful hopes.

Drawing in his head, but standing still at the open window, quite within view, he watched the approach of the stranger—the tall man with the white beard, whom he had likened to a patriarch. Mr. Daw, for he it was, came steadily on, the red umbrella in his hand. He turned his head to the window as he passed it, looked steadily at Rupert, then paused, went close up, and put his hand on Rupert's arm.

"You are Rupert Treviyn!"

"That is my name," replied Rupert.

"I should have known you anywhere by your likeness to your father; I should have known you had I met you in the crowded streets of London. You are wonderfully like him."

"Where did you know my father?" inquired Rupert.

In place of answer, the stranger opened the house door and stepped into the room. Ann curtseyed; old Canham rose and stood with his hat in his hand—that white beard seemed to demand respect. He—the stranger—took Rupert's hand in his.

"I have been up to the house to inquire for you; but they told me you were not well, and had gone to rest."

"Did they?" said Rupert. "I did intend to lie down, but the evening was so pleasant that I came out instead. You spoke of my father. Did you know him?"

"I knew him very well," said the stranger, taking the seat which Ann Canham had been dusting with her apron before offering; a ceremony, the dusting, which she apparently considered to be a mark of respect. "Through my acquaintance with him was short, it was close. Do you know who baptized you?"

"No," replied Rupert, rather astonished at the question.

"I did. I christened your sister Maude; I baptized you. You were to be christened in England, your mother said, but the child you baptized are the journey was commenced, and I did it when you were but a day old. Ah, poor thing! she thought to make that journey with you whom she should be strong enough; but another journey claimed her—that of death! Before you were two days old she died. It was I who wrote to announce your birth to Squire Treviyn; it was I who, by the next post, announced your mother's death. It was I—my young friend, it was I—who buried your father and your mother."

"You are a clergyman, then?" said Rupert, somewhat dubious about the beard, and the very unclerical cut of the stranger altogether.

"Oh, yes," said Rupert carelessly, "it was safe enough for us to come then. Squire Treviyn dead, and the estate willed to Chattaway, there was no longer danger from me. If my grandfather had got to know that I was in existence, there would have been good-bye to the ambition of Chattaway. At least people say so: *I* don't know."

The indifference of the tone forcibly struck Mr. Daw.

"Don't you feel the injustice?" he asked.

"Don't you care that Treviyn Hold should be yours?"

"As to the injustice, I have grown up seeing the estate Chattaway's, and I suppose I don't feel it as I ought. Of course, I should like it to be mine, but in the absence of all probability that it will be mine, it is as well not to think about it. Have you heard of the Treviyn temper?" he continued, a smile of merriment dancing in his eyes as he threw them on the stranger.

"I have."

"They tell me I have inherited it, as I suppose a true Treviyn ought to do. Were I to think too much of the injustice, I might call up the temper; and it would answer no end, you know."

"Yes, I have heard of the Treviyn temper," repeated the stranger. "I have heard what it did for the first heir, Rupert Treviyn."

"But it did not do it for him," so passionately burst forth Rupert, as unconsciously to give the stranger a slight idea of what the temper might become. "I never heard—I never heard until the other day—not so many hours back—of the slur that was cast upon his name. It was not he who shot the man; he had no hand in it; it was proved so later. Ask old Canham."

"Well, well," said the stranger, "it's all past and done with. Poor Joe reposed every confidence in me; treating me as a brother. It was a singular coincidence that the squire's sons should both die abroad. I hope," he added, looking kindly at Rupert, "that yours will be a long life. Are you—are you very strong?"

He put the question hesitatingly. He had heard from Nora that Rupert was not strong; and now that he saw him, he was painfully struck with his delicate appearance. Rupert answered with bravery.

"I should be very well if it were not for that confounded Blackstone walk night and morning. It's that that knocks me up."

"Chattaway had no call to put him to it, sir," interrupted Mark Canham again. "It's not work for a Treviyn."

"Not for the heir of Treviyn Hold," acquiesced the stranger. "But I must be going. I have not seen my friend Freeman yet, and should like to be at the railway station when he arrives. What time shall I see you in the morning?" he added, to Rupert. "And what time can I see Mr. Chattaway?"

"You can see me at any time," replied Rupert. "But I can't answer for him. He breakfasts early, and he generally goes out afterwards."

Had the Reverend Mr. Daw been able to see through a few trunks of trees, he might have seen Mr. Chattaway then. For there, hidden amidst the trees of the avenue, but a few paces to the side of the lodge, was he.

Mr. Chattaway was pretty nearly beside himself that night. When he found that Rupert Treviyn was not in the house, vague fears rushed over his imagination to which he did not wait to give a more tangible substance. They were to the effect that Rupert had stolen from the house to meet clandestinely this dangerous stranger. He—Chattaway—scarcely knowing what he did, seized his hat, and followed the stranger down the avenue, who, as you may remember, had not long left the Hold.

Not to follow him with bold steps; to come up to him and openly accost him, and say, "What is your business with Rupert Treviyn?" No, no; cords would not have dragged Mr. Chattaway into that dreaded presence until he was sure of his ground.

He stole down, with a fleet and soft foot, on the well-trimmed grass along the side of the avenue, and close upon the lodge he overtook the stranger. Mr. Chattaway glided amidst the trees.

Peeping out from his hiding-place, he saw the stranger make a pause before the lodge window; he heard him accost Rupert Treviyn; he watched him enter. And there he had been since—his ears straining, his pulses beating, in agony both of body and mind.

Do as he would, he could not hear their words. The humming sound of the voices came upon him through the open window, but not their sense; and nearer he dared not go, for the trees close to the lodge were too sparse. The conversation did not appear to be coming to the point.

"Do you going to help young Master Rupert to regain his rights, sir?" he eagerly asked.

"I would—if I knew how to do it," he said. "I shall certainly represent to Mr. Chattaway the injustice—the wicked injustice—of the present state of things. When I wrote to the squire on the occasion of your birth, and Mrs. Treviyn's death," he added, looking at Rupert, "the answers to me were signed 'J. Chattaway'—the writer being no doubt this same Mr. Chattaway. He wrote again to me later, after Squire Treviyn's death, requesting me to dispatch the nurse and children to England."

"Oh, yes," said Rupert carelessly, "it was safe enough for us to come then. Squire Treviyn dead, and the estate willed to Chattaway, there was no longer danger from me. If my grandfather had got to know that I was in existence, there would have been good-bye to the ambition of Chattaway. At least people say so: *I* don't know."

The indifference of the tone forcibly struck Mr. Daw.

"Don't you feel the injustice?" he asked.

"Don't you care that Treviyn Hold should be yours?"

"As to the injustice, I have grown up seeing the estate Chattaway's, and I suppose I don't feel it as I ought. Of course, I should like it to be mine, but in the absence of all probability that it will be mine, it is as well not to think about it. Have you heard of the Treviyn temper?" he continued, a smile of merriment dancing in his eyes as he threw them on the stranger.

"I have."

"They tell me I have inherited it, as I suppose a true Treviyn ought to do. Were I to think too much of the injustice, I might call up the temper; and it would answer no end, you know."

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Do as he would, he could not hear their words. The humming sound of the voices came upon him through the open window, but not their sense; and nearer he dared not go, for the trees close to the lodge were not sufficiently thick to hide him. He might have gone round to the back of it and been sheltered, but he would have been seen and heard nothing.

Hark! they were coming out. Chattaway's eyes glared, and his teeth were set, as he cautiously looked round the trees. The man's ugly, red umbrella was in one hand; the other was laid on Rupert's shoulder.

"Will you walk with me a little way?" he heard the stranger say.

"No, not this evening," was Rupert's reply. "I must go back to the Hold."

But he, Rupert, turned to walk with him to the gate, and Mr. Chattaway took the opportunity to hasten back towards the Hold. When Rupert, after shaking hands with the stranger, and calling out a good evening to the inmates of the lodge as he passed it, went up the avenue, he met the master of Treviyn Hold pacing leisurely down it, as if he had come out for a stroll.

"Hallo!" he cried, with something of theatrical amazement. "I thought you were in bed!"

"I came out, instead," replied Rupert. "The evening was so fine."

"Who was that queer looking man, just gone out at the gates?" asked Mr. Chattaway, with well assumed indifference.

Rupert answered readily. His disposition was naturally open to a fault, and he saw no cause for concealing what he knew of the stranger. He was not aware that Chattaway had ever seen him until this moment.

"It is some one who has come on a visit to the parsonage. He is a clergyman himself. It's a curious name, though—Daw."

"Daw? Daw?" repeated Mr. Chattaway, biting his lips to keep some color in them. "Where have I heard that name—in connection with a clergyman?"

"He said he had some correspondence with you years ago. At the time when my mother died, and I was born. He knew my father and mother well."

All that past time, its events, its correspondence, flashed over Mr. Chattaway's memory—flashed over it with a strange dread.

"What is he come here for?" he asked quickly.

"I don't know," replied Rupert. "He—Whatever's this?"

A tremendous noise and shouting from many people who were dragging something along behind them. Both turned simultaneously—the master of Treviyn Hold in awful fear. Could it be the stranger coming back with a flock of constables at his heels, to wrest the Hold from him? And if you deem these fears exaggerated, my reader, you know very little of this kind of terror.

It was nothing but a procession of those eager idlers, whom you saw in the road. They were dragging home the dilapidated body of the unlucky dog-cart; Mr. Cris at their head.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

"SUCH IS LIFE."

Old Time first covers our heads with hair,
Afterwards quietly mows them bare;
First cuts our teeth with a mighty fuss,
Anon takes care that our teeth "cut" us;
First manufactures us nimble legs,
And then converts them to "stiff old pegs."

Coming to earth with squalls and tears,
Pleasure beguiled a few brief years,
Harass'd thereafter by care and doubt,
Fighting for much we might do without,
Hoping and trusting for bliss to come,
So, in amazement, we reach the tomb.

DODGE'S RAID.—On the return of General Dodge from his expedition into Alabama, he literally swept the country of provisions and forage, live stock and negroes. It is estimated that he burned one and a half millions of bushels of corn, much of which was shelled for transportation to the army; captured and destroyed five hundred thousand pounds of bacon; captured one thousand head of horses and mules, and an equal number of cattle, hogs, and sheep, besides supplying the whole command with meat for three weeks. He also burned every flat-boat from Savannah to Decatur, on the Tennessee; destroyed the railroad and telegraph between Tuscumbia and Decatur; burned five tanyards, six flouring mills, and, finally, afforded the means of escape for one thousand five hundred blacks.

A MODEL WILL.—LAWYERS ECLIPSED BY A SCHOOLMISTRESS.—The following will, written by a schoolmistress, was recently proved and allowed in the Probate Court for Middlesex county:

"———, April 2d, 1863.

"I give my real estate to my husband's six children, to be divided equally among them.

"(Signed) ———

"Signed by ———, in the presence of us, who, at her request, and in her presence, act our names as witnesses.

"(Signed by three witnesses.")

Can any lawyer beat that? Many would certainly cover a page or more in accomplishing the same thing.

FLAX FABRICS.—The temporary interruption of the supply of cotton is leading to increased production of flax and new manufactures of that article in combination with other material. This business is being carried on quite extensively in Wisconsin, where specimens of flax fabrics, white as snow, and also brilliantly colored, are being exhibited. Calico made of fifty per cent. of flax, cotton flannel one-half flax, felted cloths, and a variety of other manufactures of which flax is a component part, are being produced in considerable quantities. The market price of the calicoes is said to be six cents per yard.

☞ When the Prince of Wales ascends the throne of England, his title will be Edward VII.

☞ WHAT A WOMAN'S EACH IS WORTH FOR.—To look cool when the heart is hot; to look dull, when the wits have just sounded the wisest note; to look blank, when the soul's hieroglyphs will stare out if a head is only turned on; to look tame, when the spirit is tiger; to look peace, when there is no peace; to look mild as new milk, when the blood boils and explosion butts against the wired cork of self-control.

☞ The editor of the Utica Herald says that he once knew a wild widow who cut out her own daughter in the good graces of her lover, and married him herself. To obtain revenge for this mean and unwomanly trick, the daughter has her cap for the young man's rich father, (of whom he was the only heir) and actually married him and had children, to the infinite annoyance of the other party. This occurred in Onandago County.

☞ The individual who "stood upon his own responsibility," is to be indicted for infanticide.

☞ It is a fact not generally known, that every woman who marries, is her bridegroom's *bride made*.

☞ Soldiers are dreadfully funny; but their wit is "dreadful" inelegant sometimes. We just heard one say, "Jim, shall I hook your knapsack for you?" "No, you've hooked too many of my things now." "Well, I suppose my superiors have demoralized me, for our commander is the biggest Hooker of all." Such jokes are getting quite frequent.

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

FLOUR AND MEAL.—The market for Flour is dull and drooping, with sales of about 6000 bbls to note at $6,35@6,75 for low grades and good western extra; $6,50@7,50 for extra family, the latter for choice Ohio; and $8,50@9,50 for fancy do, and some common and good superfine at $5,75@6,12½ ₱ bbl. Rye Flour is scarce, and wanted at $5, and generally held higher. Corn Meal is unchanged, and Pennsylvania meal quiet at $4,25; 600 bbls Brandywine sold at $4,37½ ₱ bbl.

GRAIN.—There is some little demand for Wheat, and about 20,000 bushels, mostly fair to good and prime western and Pennsylvania red, sold at $1,37@1,60 in store, and $1,33 for prime lots afloat. White ranges at from $1,70@1,80, with sales at the latter rate for prime Kentucky. Rye is scarce, and Pennsylvania sells in a small way, on arrival, at $1,10. Corn is unsettled and lower, and about 30,000 bushels sold, at 80@81c for yellow, and 80@81 for white. Barley and Malt are quiet, and prices nearly nominal. Oats are dull, with sales at 72@75c, chiefly at 74@75c per bushel.

PROVISIONS.—There is some little demand for barrelled meats, and about 2000 bbls have been taken at $12¾ for old Mess Pork; $14@15 for new do; $15½@16 for prime Mess, and $13½@15 for Western and city Mess Beef instead 600 bbls of the latter. Western Meats are in terms kept private. 300 bbls Beef Hams sold at $17@17½ ₱ bbl, mostly at the latter rate. Bacon is quiet, and jagged hams steady at 12@13c, as in quality. Nothing doing in Shoulders and sides. Of Green Meats sales to some extent are reported at 6¼@6½c for hams; 5¼@5¾c for do, in pickle, and 4@4½c for Shoulders, in salt. Sides are nominal. Lard is quiet, and rather firmer at the close. Middles at 10¼@10¾c for bbls and tcs, and 12c for kegs, with moderate sales. Butter is dull and neglected, and quoted at 13@16c. Cheese steady at 10@12c ₱ lb, and Eggs rather better, with sales at 14@15c ₱ doz.

COTTON.—There has been rather more doing in this article. Sales to the extent of 600 bales to note, in small lots, at from 53 to 54c, the latter for fine South American, and 53@55c for Sheets.

ASHES.—The demand continues limited and prices about the same.

BARK.—The receipts and stocks are light, with sales of about 100 hhds, in small lots at $33 ₱ ton for No 1. Tanners' Bark is selling, on arrival, chiefly former rates.

BEESWAX meets with a fair demand, and sales of 4000 pounds are reported, mostly at 45c ₱ lb.

COAL.—Prices continue firm and tending upward. Orders come forward freely, and the market is very active.

COFFEE.—The market is quiet, the sales being confined to a few small lots, mostly Rio, within the range of 30@32½c, cash and 4 months.

COPPER.—There is nothing doing in Sheathing. Of Yellow Metal, sales at 30c, six months, for Sheets.

FEATHERS move off slowly, and good Western command 47@48c ₱ lb.

FRUIT.—The sales are limited, and prices of dried Fruit nominally unchanged.

HAY is lower, with sales at 90c@$1,10 the 100 lbs.

HEMP.—The market is dull and drooping, with little or nothing doing.

HOPS continue dull and neglected, with limited sales at 18@34c ₱ lb for Eastern and Western.

IRON.—The market for Pig Metal continues dull, and the sales limited to a few small lots, within the range of $32@36 for the three numbers of anthracites, including 400 tons forge, sold at $32 cash. In Manufactured Iron there is a moderate business doing, and for Bars prices are unsettled.

LEAD.—A sale of 750 Pigs Galena was made at 9c ₱ lb, cash.

LUMBER.—The receipts and sales are moderate; White Pine ceilings at $22@24; Yellow Sap, $21@22; Lehigh Boards $12@13; do Scantling, $16@17; and White Pine Shingles at $1@2,24 ₱ M. Laths are worth $1,40@1,50 a thousand.

MOLASSES is firm with sales of 700 hhds Cuba, mostly on terms kept private, and 600 bbls New Orleans, part by auction, at 40@46c, cash and 4 mos.

PLASTER comes in slowly, and soft finds ready sale at $5@5,25 ₱ ton.

RICE is firm, with sales of 700 bags Rangoon at 5¾@6c ₱ lb.

SEEDS.—There has been more inquiry for Clovers eed, and sales of 1200 bushels are reported at $5,06@5,75 ₱ bushel, the latter for prime, including some to ship to Europe at 5@6c ₱ lb. Nothing doing in Timothy or Flaxseed.

SPIRITS.—The demand for Brandy and Gin continues very limited. N. E. Rum sells slowly at 65@67c. Whiskey is lower, with rather more doing at 44½@45½c for Pennsylvania and Ohio bbls, and about 44c for Drudge.

SUGARS are firm, with sales of 1200 hhds Cuba at 10¼@11¾c on time, for refining and grocery qualities, and about 150 hhds New Orleans, part by auction, at 8@12c, cash and 4 months.

TALLOW is rather quiet, but sales of rendered, to some extent, are reported at 11¼@11¾c ₱ lb.

TOBACCO.—The market is quiet, and the sales confined to some small lots western and Pennsylvania seed leaf. Manufactured is dull and neglected.

WOOL.—There is very little doing in the way of sales; a few small lots have been disposed of at 70@71c for low grade and fine fleece, net.

NEWS ITEMS.

Tea is now cultivated in Minnesota by a party of Norwegians, in a few years Minnesota will supply the world with the largest article of commerce, thanks to Jeff. Davis.

Cotton is reported in letters from Gen. Banks's division that his operations in Louisiana and neighborhood are expected to release two hundred thousand bales of cotton from the rebel states.

A marriage is noticed in the Duxbury Times, in which the happy pair are unusually explicit in stating their position. They say:—"No cards, no receptions, no wedding fee!"

Rosin has been produced in California from trees found in Butte county, in that state.

It is stated that Fanny Kemble has given Mr. Fescher all her father's stage jewelry.

The mildness of the last winter has reduced the usual supply of ice in Europe as well as in this country. The ice of the Swiss glaciers, it is said, has all been sold to the northern powers, and large numbers of workmen are cutting and carting the ice away.

It is proposed to light Bombay with gas made from the bones of dead Hindoos. It is calculated that each body will yield two hundred cubic feet of gas.

Signor Gen. Hahmond has determined to abolish the use of calomel and tartarcematic in the army, it having proven impossible, in any other manner, to properly restrict the use of these powerful agents, and it is therefore directed that they be stricken from the supply table, and that no further requisitions for these medicines be approved by medical directors. In a circular on this subject just issued from the medical department to surgeons in charge of hospitals and on duty in the field, the Surgeon General remarks:—"No doubt can exist that more harm has resulted from the misuse of both these agents in the treatment of disease than benefit from their proper administration."

The number of fires in the woods is somewhat remarkable just now, considering the advanced state of the foliage and the wet weather. The fire on Long Island burned over 16,000 acres of woodland. In Willimantic, Conn., on Tuesday afternoon, 80 acres of woods near the village were burned over; quite a tract in one of the Haddams the same day, and 200 acres in Naugatuck a few days previous.

The Granite State News states that the oldest of three brothers residing in Moultonborough, married quite a young girl; his next younger brother married the girl's mother, and the youngest took for his wife the grandmother. Cupid, in our times, seldom brings about such a curious union of two families.

Mr. Vallandigham, according to an order of the President, will be sent into the rebel lines, instead of being confined in Fort Warren.

GRANT AT VICKSBURG.

The news from General Grant's department increases in moment and interest. By an official despatch of the rebel General Joseph Johnston, we learn that Pemberton was defeated, near Edwards' Station, after nine hours' fighting, with a loss of three thousand, among whom is General Tolliard, killed. General Pemberton fell back, behind the Big Black river. This occurred on the 16th, two days after the capture of Jackson, which Grant evacuated, probably on the 15th, to meet Pemberton towards Vicksburg, before the junction of that General at Johnston's defeated Jackson forces. Thus Grant seems to have beaten both wings of the rebel army, to judge from his own accounts, compared with those of the rebels. These successes are highly important and promising, but all the difficulties of the campaign are not yet conquered. The Federal loss in the attack on Jackson was reported to the rebels at six hundred. Our troops captured sixteen guns. A report has reached Murfreesboro' to date of the 21st, that the rebels admit the defeat of Johnston, and Grant's possession of the railroad bridge across the Big Black, thus cutting Vicksburg off from supplies and reinforcements. Thus far Grant, and Grant's Generals, have beaten the rebels in five battles.

Col. Grierson's Opinion.—Col. Grierson, who made the famous raid through Mississippi, from North to South, said in New Orleans the other day:

"In passing through the Confederacy I have had a good opportunity to form a correct opinion of its strength. That strength has been over estimated. They have neither the armies nor the resources we have given them credit for, and we have been greatly deceived in regard to the means and the power of the rebels. Passing through their country, (and the passage was not a very difficult one,) I found thousands of good Union men, who are ready and anxious to return to their allegiance the moment they can do so with safety to themselves and families. They will rally around the old flag by scores whenever our army advances. I could have brought away a thousand with me, who were anxious to come—men whom I found fugitives from their homes, hid in the swamps and forests, where they are hunted like wild beasts by the rebel conscription officers with bloodhounds. Having visited them in their own homes, I have founded my belief, upon what I heard and saw there, that the day is not far distant when we shall witness the downfall of the rebellion."

The Story of the Swiss General, Fogliarde.—A correspondent tells the following serious joke which accidentally befel the accomplished Swiss General, Fogliardi, at the late battle at Chancellorville. He customed to the broad, open and clear European battle-fields, where whole army corps can charge in battle line without impediments, and where the surging squadrons of cavalry are the sweeping concomitants of every army, he could not exactly see how a great battle could be fought in that tangled, impenetrable wilderness, and remarked to a staff officer, noted for the force and brevity of his expressions, as well as great personal bravery:—"Zis is not a battle, it's a grand skirmish!" "*A skirmish!*" reiterated the staff officer, "I'd have you understand, sir, that two or three skirmishes like this *would wipe the whole Swiss nation off the face of the earth, sir!*" and he rode down the line into the bullets with as much *sang froid* as though eating his breakfast.

☞ How to make an apple tart—Soak it in vinegar.

☞ Even Saw!—The Queen and Duchess of Manchester, England, have got up an address of condolence with oppressed Poland. That's right. The needle has ever been true to the Pole.

☞ General Rosecrans, a few days ago, received the following pertinent letter from an indigenant private: "General—I have been in the service eighteen months, and never have received a cent. I desire a furlough for fifteen days, in order to return home and remove my family to the poor-house." The general granted the furlough.

☞ The Very Latest.—Why is the President like an owl in the daytime? Because he is always A'blinkin.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 1500 head. The prices realized were from 9 to 10½ cts ₩ lb. 1250 Cows brought from $30 to 55 ₩ head. 3000 Sheep were sold at from 9 to 10c ₩ lb gross. 1100 Hogs at from 6½ to 7,50 ₩ cwt.

R. R. R.

MEDICAL ASSISTANCE

Is secured to all who suffer pain, by the use of RADWAY'S READY RELIEF. The moment it is applied externally, or a teaspoonful in a wine glass of water taken internally, the most severe pains cease. In attacks of HEADACHE, TOOTHACHE, DARRHŒA, PAIN IN THE BOWELS, or *Rheumatisms, Neuralgia, Sore Throat, or any affection* where pain is experienced, relief is instantly afforded. Its continued use will rapidly cure the disease.

A TRUE DISCOVERY.

DISCOVERED AT LAST. AN EXTRAORDINARY MEDICINE. For the cure of Scrofula, Fever Sores, Ulcers, Sore Head, Bad Legs, and all skin diseases, Dr. Radway's Cleansing Syrup, called Renovating Resolvent, is superior to all Sarsaparillas in use. One to six bottles will cure the worst cases. Dose, only a dessert spoonful three times per day.

"Sold by Druggists."

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 11th instant, by the Rev. Jos. H. Kennard, Mr. Samuel P. Humphry, to Miss Beulah G. Ellis, both of Haddonfield, N. J.

On the 24th ultimo, by the Rev. J. Chambers, William Hanna, to Ann McConnell, both of this city.

On the 21st instant, by the Rev. R. J. Wilson, Mr. John F. Carr, to Miss Lizzie Nagel, both of this city.

On the 13th instant, by the Rev. J. H. Kennard, Mr. Peter Davis, to Miss Annie E. B. Kelley, both of this city.

On the 16th instant, by the Rev. H. E. Gilroy, Mr. James Reynolds, of this city, to Miss Catherine Hoey, of Del. county, Pa.

On the 12th instant, by the Rev. A. Manship, Mr. James Stratton, to Miss Emma L. Claypoole, both of this city.

On the 12th of March, by the Rev. Geo. G. Arnold, Mr. William Fulton, to Miss Sarah Neale, both of this city.

On the 19th instant, by the Rev. Jos. H. Kennard, Mr. Enoch F. Miller, to Miss Lizzie P. Vandyke, both of this city.

On the 18th instant, by the Rev. M. Z. Senderling, Mr. D. Mr. Gibriort Errickson, to Miss Sarah E. Brinton, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 20th instant, Mr. Henry Hill, in his 58th year.

On the 19th instant, Kate, wife of John Crawford, aged 60 years.

On the 18th instant, Emma J. wife of Wm. C. Johnson, in her 36th year.

On the 18th instant, James Frankland, aged 39 years.

On the 18th instant, Rebecca, relict of the late Stephen Byerly, aged 70 years.

On the 17th instant, Angeline M. Dunlap, wife of Harry W. Dunlap, in her 38th year.

On the 17th instant, Susan, daughter of Edward and Ann Bennett, aged 18 years.

On the 17th instant, Mrs. Mary Edwards, aged 67 years.

On the 16th instant, Girard Sleeper, aged 29 years.

On the 16th instant, Agnes C. Laird, in her 61st year.

On the 14th instant, Augustus Brock, in his 61st year.

On the 14th instant, William Brunes, in his 84th year.

BANK NOTE LIST.

Corrected for the Saturday Evening Post by Withers & Peterson, Bankers, No. 39 South Third Street.

Philadelphia, May 30, 1863.

Alabama	30 dis.	Mississippi,	—
Canada,	44 prem.	Missouri,	5 dis.
Connecticut,	½ dis.	New Brunswick,	25 prem.
Delaware,	par.	New Hampshire,	1 dis.
Dist. of Columbia,	½ dis.	New Jersey,	par to ½ dis.
Florida,	—	New York City,	½ dis.
Georgia,	40 dis.	New York State,	½ dis.
Illinois,	3 dis.	North Carolina,	50 dis.
Indiana,	2 to 3 dis.	Nova Scotia,	17 prem.
Iowa,	5 dis.	Ohio,	½ dis.
Kansas,	—	Pennsylvania,	par to ½ dis.
Kentucky,	1 dis.	Rhode Island,	1 dis.
Louisiana,	10 dis.	South Carolina,	20 dis.
Maine,	1 dis.	Tennessee,	10 dis.
Maryland,	½ to 1 dis.	Texas,	—
Massachusetts,	½ dis.	Vermont,	½ dis.
Michigan,	1½ dis.	Virginia,	10 dis.
Minnesota,	—	Wisconsin,	3 dis.

WITHERS & PETERSON,

39 SOUTH THIRD ST., PHILADA.

STOCK AND EXCHANGE BROKERS.

STOCKS BONDS, &c., Bought and Sold at Board of Brokers and privately.

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may2-1y

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

May be ordered every week of the Publication Agents in

H. DEXTER, 119 Nassau St., N. Y.
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Periodical dealers generally throughout the United States have it for sale.

GROVER & BAKER'S

CELEBRATED PREMIUM

SEWING MACHINE.

A short time since we published, in connection with our notice of the Fair of the Institute, which has given such public distinction to the many seekers after the BEST SEWING MACHINE, that we published it for the benefit of those who are about to purchase one of that most indispensable articles of modern invention:

A CARD.

We do not deem it essential, nor find it necessary, in order to sell our machines, to depreciate the many excellent productions of our competitors; but, on the contrary, we presume that parties in quest of a truly superior and reliable article, either for family use or manufacturing purposes, should make an examination and comparison of our latest and most approved machines with any and all others in the market; and to facilitate such inquiry, we append the names and places of business of our principal competitors, to wit:

I. M. SINGER & CO., 310 CHESTNUT Street.
WHEELER & WILSON M. CO., 704 CHESTNUT Street.
LADD, WEBSTER, & CO., 921 CHESTNUT St.
Mr. A. B. HOWE, 701 ARCH Street.
TAGGART & FARR, 922 CHESTNUT Street.
BOUDOIR'S SEWING MACHINE, 737 ARCH Street.
SLOAT'S ELIPTIC, 923 CHESTNUT Street.

And we have urgently to request that our customers and all others, not fully advised as to the relative merits of the GROVER & BAKER machines, will, before purchasing, even from us, make the examinations and comparisons above indicated. And if we have omitted the names of any respectable manufacturers, we will, on being advised of the fact, cheerfully and gratuitously add them to the above list.

GROVER & BAKER S. M. CO.,

730 CHESTNUT STREET.

In conclusion:

We clip the following from the editorial columns of the *Sunday Transcript*:

A NOVEL MODE OF ADVERTISING.—We notice that the Grover & Baker Sewing Machine Company advertise gratuitously the names and places of business of their principal competitors in the Sewing Machine line, and thus offer those seeking a perfect machine to avail themselves of this list to make their own comparisons. Aside from the novelty of this mode of advertising, nothing could be fairer or more liberal; and it most certainly evinces that the Grover & Baker Company do not fear the results. Each Company have recently brought out a series of Shuttle Stitch Machines, claimed to be superior to any machine making that stitch, in addition to their celebrated machines making the Grover & Baker stitch, they certainly seem to have covered the whole ground. We doubt very much if the mode of advertising adopted by this house will be very often infringed upon.

CANVASSING AGENTS

OF EXPERIENCE WANTED

UPON THE BEST

ENGLISH AND GERMAN EDITIONS

of the

HISTORY OF THE GREAT REBELLION,

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first-class and good-paying Subscription Books.

Address N. C. MILLER, Publisher,
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ELEGANT PARLOR PICTURES

SENT BY MAIL, POSTAGE PAID.

Photograph copies of choice and costly Engravings are now made with such minuteness and perfection that all the beauty and effects of the original are reproduced. I am furnishing three at prices within the reach of every one—prices quite as low as those asked for inferior Engravings and Lithographs. Among the subjects are—

		Size.	Price.
"Evangeline,"		No. 1.	50 cts.
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do.	do.	No. 2.	75 cts.
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"Olivia,"		No. 1.	50 cts.
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☞ Sent by mail, on firm rollers, postage paid.

☞ Catalogues of over Five Hundred *Cartes de Visite*, for Albums, of distinguished persons, fine pictures, and works of art, sent on application. The price of these *Cartes de Visite*, by mail, post paid, is 15 cents each, 8 for $1, or 20 for $2. They are among the finest made. All orders promptly filled.

Address GEORGE GILLIARD,
Office of "HOME MAGAZINE,"
my23-6t 323 Walnut St., Philada.

DO YOU WANT LUXURIANT WHISKERS OR MUSTACHES?—My UNGUENT will force them to grow heavily in six weeks (upon the smoothest face) without stain or injury to the skin. Price $1—sent by mail, post free, to any address, on receipt of an order.

R. G. GRAHAM,
109 Nassau St., New York City.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Twenty cents a line for each insertion.

☞ Payment is required in advance.

UNITED STATES

FIVE-TWENTIES;

OR,

TWENTY-YEAR

SIX PER CENT. BONDS,

PAYABLE AT THE OPTION OF THE GOVERNMENT AFTER FIVE YEARS.

I am instructed by the SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY to receive Subscriptions for the above

LOAN AT PAR.

THE INTEREST TO COMMENCE FROM DATE OF DEPOSIT,

AND IS

PAYABLE IN GOLD, AT THE MINT,

Or the Sub-Treasury or Depository of the United States,

On the first day of May and November of each year.

At the PRESENT PREMIUM on GOLD these Bonds yield about

EIGHT PER CENT. PER ANNUM.

A full supply of these Bonds always on hand.

JAY COOKE,

SUBSCRIPTION AGENT,

No. 114 S. Third Street.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

On and after JULY 1st, 1863, the privilege of converting the present issue of LEGAL TENDER NOTES into the NATIONAL SIX PER CENT. LOAN (commonly called "Five-Twenties") will cease.

All who wish to invest in the Five-Twenty Loan must, therefore, apply before the 1st of July next.

JAY COOKE,

SUBSCRIPTION AGENT,

sp4-12t No. 114 S. Third St., Philada.

Palmer's PATENT LEG & ARM 1863 PHILADELPHIA

B. FRANK PALMER,

Surgeon-Artist to the Medical Colleges and Hospitals; Author of New Rules for Amputations; Inventor of the "Palmer Arm," Leg, &c., has removed to

THE STONE EDIFICE,

No. 1609 Chestnut St., Philada.—1609.

Three Squares West of the Old Stand.

This Establishment, erected at great expense, for the business, combines every possible comfort and facility for Surgico-Artistic operations.

The Proprietor will devote his personal attention to the Profession at this House, and construct the "PALMER LIMBS" (under the New Patents), in unexampled perfection. *Thousands of these Limbs* are worn (though few are suspected), and a galaxy of *gold and silver medals* (50 in all, "First" won, over all competition, in the principal cities of the world), attest the public value of these inventions. *All genuine "PALMER LIMBS" have the name of the inventor affixed.*

Pamphlets, which contain the *New Rules for Amputations*, and full information for *persons in want of limbs*, sent free to applicants, by mail or otherwise.

The attention of Surgeons, Physicians, and all persons interested, is most respectfully solicited.

All former partnerships have expired by limitation. Address

B. FRANK PALMER, Surgeon-Artist,
oct8-1y 1609 Chestnut St., Philada.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

CHLOASMA, OR MOTH PATCHES AND FRECKLES.

Blemishes on the face, called Moth, are very annoying, particularly to ladies of light complexion, as the discolored spots on the skin show more strongly on blondes than on brunettes, but they contribute greatly in marring the beauty on either, and anything that will remove moth patches without injuring the skin in texture or color, would no doubt be considered a great achievement in medical science. Dr. B. C. Perry, 49 Bond Street, New York, having devoted his whole time and study to Diseases of the Skin, will guaranty to remove Moth Patches, Freckles and other discolorations from the face without injury to either texture or color of the skin. His success in this, as in other branches of his speciality—Diseases of the Scalp and Loss of Hair—will warrant him in guaranteing a Cure in every case. For particulars address, enclosing stamp,

DR. B. C. PERRY,
my30-13t 49 Bond Street, New York.

THE GREATEST DISCOVERY OF THE AGE.—Farmers, families and others can purchase no remedy equal to Dr. Tobias' Venetian Liniment, for dysentery, colic, croup, chronic rheumatism, sore throats, toothache, sea-sickness, cuts, burns, swellings, bruises, old sores, headache, mosquito bites, pains in the limbs, chest, back, &c. If it does not give relief the money will be refunded. All that is asked is a trial, and use it according to the directions.

Dr. Tobias—Dear Sir: I have used your Venetian Liniment in my family for a number of years, and believe it to be best article for what it is recommended that I have ever used. For sudden attacks of croup it is invaluable. I have no hesitation in recommending it for all the uses it professes to cure. I have sold it for many years, and it gives entire satisfaction.

CHAS. H. TRIMNER.

Quakerstown, N. J., May 8, 1858.

Price 25 and 50 cents. Sold by all Druggists. Office, 56 Cortlandt Street, New York.

my30 eow2t

WHEELER & WILSON'S SEWING MACHINES,

AT REDUCED PRICES.

OFFICE 508 BROADWAY, N. Y.

New York, November, 1861.

The curtailment of litigation expenses, consequent upon the recent decisions of the United States Courts, which confirm the validity of our patents and intensified their infringement, enables us to benefit the public by important reductions in the prices of our SEWING MACHINES. They are now sold with valuable improvements at the following reduced

PRICES:

No. 1 Machine, Silver Plated, with Full Case, Polished Rosewood,	$125,00
Half Case, Polished Rosewood,	95,00
Half Case, Finished, Black Walnut,	90,00
Plain Table,	85,00
No. 2 Machine, Plain, with Half Case, Polished Black Walnut or Mahogany,	$95,00
Half Case, Finished,	90,00
Plain Table,	85,00

The HIGHEST PREMIUM has been awarded for the WHEELER & WILSON SEWING MACHINES, at the WORLD'S FAIR, now being held in London, England, with all other Sewing Machines in competition.

[The number 2, plain table, (worth $85) of the above list, is the machine we are now offering as a Premium for The Post—*see Prospectus*. We will arrange for either of the other machines manufactured by Wheeler & Wilson, at a proportionate increase of subscribers and money.

DEACON & PETERSON,
Publishers Saturday Evening Post.)

AN ELEGANT CURE FOR THE HAIR.

Premature Loss of the Hair, which is so common now-a-days, may be entirely prevented by the use of

PHALON'S COCIN,
PHALON'S COCIN,
PHALON'S COCIN,
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PHALON'S COCIN,
PHALON'S COCIN,
PHALON'S COCIN,
PHALON'S COCIN,

OR DEODORIZED COCOA NUT OIL.
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OR DEODORIZED COCOA NUT OIL.
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FOR THE HAIR.
FOR THE HAIR.
FOR THE HAIR. Principal Depot 517
FOR THE HAIR. Broadway, New York.
FOR THE HAIR. For sale by all fancy
FOR THE HAIR. dealers and grocers.
FOR THE HAIR.

SMALL BOTTLES 50 CENTS.
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LARGE BOTTLES 50 CENTS.
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TO PRESERVE AND IMPROVE THE HUMAN HAIR.

The only article discovered for promoting the health and strength of the Hair, and giving the Hair a rich and glossy appearance, is PHALON & SON'S COCIN, and we recommend all to buy it.—*Philadelphia Press.* my23-3m

PURE BLOOD CURES.

When the bile has not the requisite healthy qualities, we become costive. To restore the bile to a state of health, the blood must be purified. You cannot purify the blood but by occasional purgatives, and they should be continued for several days in succession, when there may be a greater less interval of rest. Some persons have used BRANDRETH'S Pills every day in small doses until they become cured of costiveness, which had troubled them for over twenty years. The use of this medicine does not debilitate or require an increase of dose from continued use. They in fact strengthen the bowels as exercise does the arms or legs.

Mr. Carpenter, of Gouverneur, St. Lawrence county, has used BRANDRETH'S Pills for thirty years as his family medicine. They cured him of fever and ague and costiveness, when he was reduced to the most deplorable weakness, and when it was supposed no medicine could save him.

☞ Remember, references will be given to persons whom BRANDRETH'S Pills have cured of costiveness of over twenty years' duration, and in cases where no natural action of the bowels had taken place in twenty years, yet these cases were radically cured by Brandreth's Pills.

BRANDRETH'S PILLS are sold at the PRINCIPAL OFFICE 294 CANAL ST., and 4 UNION SQUARE, New York.

Obtain your first supply from one of these depots or from one of the regular advertised agents for the GENUINE BRANDRETH'S PILLS, you will then know how to discern between the true and the false.

Price 25 cents each. Sold by MRS. SHAEFFER, No. 14 North Eighth street, Philadelphia; by T. W. DYOTT & SON, No. 232 North Second street, Philadelphia, and by all respectable dealers in medicines. my30-2teow

PHOTOGRAPH ALBUMS

FOR THE

CARD PORTRAITS OF FRIENDS AND OTHERS.

For a list of kinds and prices we refer to the Saturday Evening Post of January 17—or any number for two months previous to that date. Or such a list will be forwarded by writing to

DEACON & PETERSON,
319 Walnut Street, Philadelphia.

NOT ALCOHOLIC!

A HIGHLY CONCENTRATED VEGETABLE

A PURE TONIC.

DR. HOOFLAND'S CELEBRATED

GERMAN BITTERS

PREPARED BY

DR. C. M. JACKSON,

Will effectually cure Liver Complaint, Dyspepsia or Indigestion, Chronic or Nervous Debility, Jaundice, Diseases of the Kidneys, or Diseases arising from a Disordered Liver or Stomach, such as Constipation, Inward Piles, Fullness of Blood to the Head, Acidity of the Stomach, Nausea, Heartburn, Disgust for Food, Fullness or Weight in the Stomach, Sour Eructations, Sinking or Fluttering at the Pit of the Stomach, Swimming of the Head, Hurried and Difficult Breathing, Fluttering at the Heart, Choking or Suffocating Sensations when in a Lying Posture, Dimness of Vision, Dots or Webs before the Sight, Fever and Dull Pain in the Head, Deficiency of Perspiration, Yellowness of the Skin and Eyes, Pain in the Side, Back, Chest, Limbs, &c., Sudden Flushes of Heat, Burning in the Flesh, Constant Imaginings of Evil, and Great Depression of Spirits, can be effectually cured by using these Bitters.

They contain no Alcohol in any form, and may be taken by the most delicate with perfect safety and great benefit.

TESTIMONIALS.

Testimony of their own personal knowledge, is the best evidence we can have in favor of any article of medicine. Upon this we rely for the reputation of

DR. HOOFLAND'S GERMAN BITTERS.

From Rev. J. Newton Brown, D. D.

Dr. Jackson—Dear Sir: I have been frequently requested to recommend my name with certificates of cures performed by your medicines, but, regarding it as unprofessional, I have declined to comply with such requests. I shall not, however, depart from my usual course, so far as to say that I have been benefited by your Hoofland's German Bitters. I depart for once from the usual course, to express my high opinion of the medicine, and my sincere gratitude for the relief which it has afforded me. I am, dear sir, yours, with much respect, J. NEWTON BROWN.

Philadelphia, June 23, 1862.

From the Rev. Jos. H. Kennard, Pastor of the Fifth Baptist Church.

Dr. Jackson—Dear Sir: I have frequently been requested to recommend my name with certificates of cures performed by your medicines, but, regarding it as unprofessional, I have declined to comply with such requests. I shall not, however, depart from my usual course, so far as to say that I have been benefited by your Hoofland's German Bitters. I depart for once from the usual course, to express my high opinion of the medicine, and my sincere gratitude for the relief which it has afforded me. I am, dear sir, yours, with much respect, J. H. KENNARD.

Eighth below Spruce street.

PARTICULAR NOTICE.

There are many preparations sold under the name of Bitters, put up in quart bottles, compounded of the cheapest and most worthless materials, and sold for 50 cents per bottle, the sale destroyed by Rum or Cologne Bitters.

This class of Bitters has caused, and will continue to cause, all it can to bring the genuine Bitters into disrepute and the death of the druggist. By their use the system is kept continually under the influence of the most stimulating of the worst kind, the desire for Liquor is created and the result is rum, death, and the horrors attendant upon a drunkard's life and death.

Be sure that the word "BITTERS" is blown in the bottle, with the name of the proprietor, C. M. JACKSON, and the whole of Hoofland's German Tonic Bitters is a combination of all the best remedies in the known world, without the use of spirits or liquors, and is entirely free from any alcoholic substance whatever.

The question is often asked, "Is the Bitters a Liquor or not?" We answer, No. They are entirely free from spirits of any kind, containing in their composition Roots, Herbs and Barks, which are the Great Physicians of Nature, the only true and reliable remedies for the cure of disease, if used in connection with proper attention to the laws of life and the use of wholesome food.

Hoofland's German Bitters are recommended by the Clergy, Physicians, Statesmen, Editors, and thousands in every walk of life, as the best tonic in use, and as a medicine for the aged and infirm, they will be very beneficial to those who suffer from the effects of dissipation, or from any disease requiring the use of a tonic.

ATTENTION SOLDIERS!

AND THE FRIENDS OF SOLDIERS.

We call the attention of all having relations or friends in the army to the fact that HOOFLAND'S German Bitters" will cure more than one-half of the diseases incident to exposure and privations incident to camp life. In the fall, 1861, Hoofland's Bitters were in the hands of nearly all the sick, before the arrival of the sick. It will be noticed that a very large proportion are soldiers from Gen. Banks' command, who have been in the hospitals. This was followed by great debility, heightened by an attack of dysentery. I was then removed from the Wood hospital, sent to this city, and placed on board of the steamer Sate of Maine, from which I landed on the 20th of August. Some think I was then as near as any one could be and still retain a spark of vitality. For a week or more I was scarcely able to swallow anything, and if I did force a morsel down, it was immediately thrown up.

I could not even keep a glass of water on my stomach. Life could not last long under such circumstances, and accordingly the physicians, who had been working faithfully, though unsuccessfully, to rescue me from the grasp of the dread spoiler, sent word that my case could do no more for me, and advised me to use a stimulant, and to make such disposition of my limited funds as best suited me. An acquaintance who visited me at the hospital, Mr. Francis A. Stockdale, of North Second Arch Street, advised me, as a forlorn hope, to try your Bitters, which, kind reader, I did, and from that time I commenced taking them the gloomy shadow of death receded, and I am now, thank God, fast getting better. Though I have taken but two bottles I have gained ten pounds, and I feel sanguine of being permitted to rejoin my wife and daughter, from whom I have been so long for eighteen months; for, gentlemen, I am a loyal Virginian, from the very core of my heart. Your invaluable Bitters I owe the certainty of life which I feel I have taken the case of vacant horse-radish your Bitters will owe the glorious privilege of again clasping to my bosom those I love so dearly.

Very truly yours, ISAAC MALONE.

We fully concur in the truth of the above statement, as we had frequent opportunities of visiting Mr. Malone, restored to health.

John Cleary, 2d Lieut. First New York Battery.
George A. Ackley, Co. C, Eleventh Maine.
Lewis Lesslie, Second Regt. New York.
J. F. Spencer, First Artillery, Battery F.
J. B. Farwell, Co. B, Third Vermont.
Henry H. Brown, Co. B, Third Vermont.
Henry M. Marshall, Sixth Maine.
John F. Ward, Co. F, Fifth Maine.
Herman Koch, Co. H, Seventy-second New York.
Nathaniel B. Thomas, Co. F, Ninety-fifth Penna.
Andrew J. Kimball, Co. A, Third Vermont.
John Jenkins, Co. H, One-hundred-and-fifth Pa.

BEWARE OF COUNTERFEITS!

See that the signature of "C. M. JACKSON" is on the WRAPPER of each bottle.

PRICE PER BOTTLE, 75 CENTS,
OR HALF DOZEN FOR $4.

Should your nearest Druggist not have the article, do not be put off by any of the interesting preparations that may be offered in its place, but send to us, and we will forward, securely packed, by express.

PRINCIPAL OFFICE AND MANUFACTORY,
No. 631 ARCH STREET, PHILADA.

JONES & EVANS,
(Successors to Jones, Jackson & Co.)
Proprietors.

☞ For sale by Druggists and Dealers in every town in the United States. ap25-6mwly

Wit and Humor.

"A KEERFUL SHEPHERD."

On Friday, a tall, raw-boned Saint, with a complexion strongly resembling that of boiled tripe, arrived in Cincinnati from Pittsburg with a couple of wives, but deeming his flock too small to start Salt Lake west with, held forth as follows, to an admiring audience, at a house over the canal, with a view to the perfection of the matrimonial economy to the completeness of his domestic felicity. His text was, "*Men is skerce and women is plenty.*"

Brethren and Sisters—partickler the Sisters—I want to say a few words to you about Mormonism—not for my own sake but for yourn, for *men is skerce and women is plenty.*

Mormonism is built on that high old principle which says that it ain't good for man to be alone, and a mighty sight worse for a woman. Therefore, if a man feel good with a little company, a good deal of it ought to make him feel an awful sight better.

The first principles of Mormonism is, that woman air a good thing, and the second principle is, that you can't have too much of a good thing. Women is tenderer than man, and is necessarily to smooth down the roughness of his character, and as a man has a good many rough pints in his natur, he oughta't to give one woman too much to do, but set each woman to work smoothing some partickler pint.

Don't think I'm ever anxious for you to jine us, for I ain't. I'm not speakin' for my good, but for yourn, for *men is skerce and women is plenty.*

I said wosign was tenderer than man, but you needn't feel stuck up about it, for so she ought to be; she was made so a purpose. But how was she made so? Whar did she git it from? Why, she was created out of the side bone of a man, and the side bone of a man is like the side bone of a turkey—the tenderest part is the side bone of a turkey—the tenderest part of him. Therefore, a woman has three side bones and a man only one; of course she is three times as tenderer as a man is, and is in duty bound to repay that tenderness of which she robbed him. And how did she rob him of his side bone? Why, eggactly as she robs his pockets now-a-days of his loose change—she took advantage of him when he was asleep.

But as woman is more tenderer than man, so is man more forgivener than woman; therefore I won't say anything more about the side bone, or the small change, but invite you all to jine my train, for I'm a big shepherd out our way, and fare sumptuously every day on purple and fine linen.

When I first landed on the shores of Great Salt Lake, I wasn't rich in weomen, for I had but one poor old yoe, but *men is skerce and women is plenty*, and like a keerful shepherd I began to increase my flock. Weomen heard of us and our lovin' ways, and they kept pourin' in. They come from the North, and they come from the South, they come from the East, and they come from the West, they come from Europe, they come from Ashey, and a few on 'em come from Affrikey, and from bein' the miserable owner of one old yoe, I become the joyful shepherd of a mighty flock, with a right smart sprinklin' of lambs, friskier and fatter than anybody else's, and I've still got room for a few more.

As I said before, I'm not pickin' particker for my benefit, but for yourn—for *men is skerce and women is plenty.* Still, I'd a leetle rather you'd go along with me than not, particker you fat one with a calliker sunbonnet. Don't hesitate, but take the chance while you can git it, and I'll make you the "bell yoe" of the flock. I'll lead you through the green pastare and the high grass, show you where you may caper in the sunshine, and lay down in pleasant places; and, as you are in pretty good condition already, in course of time you shall be the fattest of the flock. Jine in, jine in, jine in; jine my train; jine it now, for *men is skerce and women is plenty.*

The appeal was irresistible. At last accounts the "fat woman with the calliker sun-bonnet" had "jined in," and two or three others were on the fence, with a decided leaning toward the "Keerful Shepherd."

A MODEL COMPOSITION.

To boys and girls who are perplexed to know what to write about, and how to write it, when required by their teacher to bring a "composition," we commend the following model:—

WINTER.—Winter is the coldest season of the year because it comes in the winter. In some countries winter comes in the summer, and then it is very pleasant. I wish winter came in the summer in this country. Then I could go skating barefoot and slide down hill in Rose trowsers. We could snow-ball without our fingers getting cold—and men who go out sleigh-riding wouldn't have to stop at every tavern to warm, as they do now. It snows more in the winter than it does in any other season of the year. This is because so many cutters and sleighs are made at that time.

Ice grows much better in winter than in summer, which was an inconvenience before the discovery of ice-houses. Water that is left out of doors is apt to freeze at this season. Some people take in their wells and cisterns on a cold night and keep them by the fire, and they don't freeze.

Skating is great fun in winter. The boys get their skates on when the river is frozen over, and race, play tag, break through the ice and get wet all over, (they get drowned sometimes;) fall and break their heads, and enjoy themselves in many other ways. A wicked boy once borrowed my skates and run off with them, and I could not catch him. Mother said a judgment would overtake him one day. Judgment will have to be pretty lively on its legs if it does, for he runs bully.

There ain't much sleigh-riding except in the winter—folks don't seem to care about it in warm weather. The grown-up boys and girls like to go sleigh-riding. The boys generally drive with one hand, and help the girls hold their muffs with the other. Brother Bob let me go along a little way once when he took Calla Crane out sleigh-riding, and I thought he paid more attention to holding the muff than he did to holding the horse.

Snow-balling is another winter sport. I have snow-balled in summer. But we used stones and hard apples. It isn't so amusing as it is in the winter, somehow.

But enough. I have dashed off these little things about winter while sister is getting ready for school. Good-by.

NEDDY.

SOUND ON THE GOOSE.

A bashful gentleman of Holly Springs, Mississippi, took a violent "hankering" after a fair seamstress of the town, and, after a great deal of hesitation, finally brought his courage up to the sticking point, and made an evening call on the lady. He found her busily engaged at her work, pressing off a garment with a tailor's goose. She, however, received him very courteously, and continued her work. A bevy of the seamstress's female friends dropped in a few minutes after our heorie friend had subsided into silence, for he found it absolutely impossible to maintain a conversation with the lady. The sudden entrance of the visitors, instead of relieving, only added to his embarrassment, and he sat in silence until his situation became painful to all, but to none more than to himself. All efforts to draw him into conversation proved abortive, and it became a matter of serious concern to the ladies how to relieve the gentleman of his embarrassment without a catastrophe, for he was well known to all of them as a gentleman of great worth, bashfulness being his only frailty. The seamstress finally got through with her work, and called out to the negro man in the kitchen—

"John!"

The door opened, and a stout, burly negro stuck his head through the doorway, and said,

"I is here, missus."

"John, will you take this goose out?"

Our bashful friend sprang to his feet in an instant, and exclaimed—

"I beg your pardon, madam, for intruding on you, but I'll go out myself!"

And before the lady could explain her meaning to him, he had gathered up his hat and made his exit, which was followed by the frantic yells of the girls. I am sorry to add that that little misunderstanding made an old bachelor and an old maid.

THE BOY'S REPROOF.

A minister in a country village received his supply of milk from one of his deacons, and his son Robert, about ten years old, was sent for it daily. A railroad had recently been built in that vicinity, and the boys had learned to imitate the whistle. When Robert was within a few rods of the deacon's house, he used to give a loud "too o-o-t," to let them know he was coming, so that the milk might be ready. It happened that the milk was needed for a young child one Sunday afternoon, and Robert being sent for it, unthinkingly gave his usual too-o-o-t. Upon entering the house the deacon said to him rather severely, "Robert, the cars do not run on Sunday." Presently the deacon remembered that he had not seen the weekly paper which the minister was accustomed to lend him. "Robert," said he, "did you bring the newspaper?"

The little fellow very archly, but respectfully replied:

"The cars do not carry the mail on Sunday, sir!"

The deacon was fairly beaten with his own weapons.

HOW TO ESCAPE FROM FIRE.

The Superintendent of the London Fire Brigade, an organization somewhat similar to our Fire Department, has devised the following very judicious directions for aiding persons to escape from premises on fire:

1. Be careful to acquaint yourself with the best means of exit from the house, both at the top and bottom.

2. On the first alarm, reflect before you act. If in bed at the time, wrap yourself in a blanket or bedside carpet. Open no more doors than are absolutely necessary, and shut every door after you.

3. There is always from eight to twelve inches of pure air close to the ground; if you cannot, therefore, walk upright through the smoke, drop on your hands and knees, and thus progress. A wetted silk handkerchief, a piece of flannel, or a worsted stocking, drawn over the face, permits breathing, and, to a great extent, excludes the smoke.

4. If you can neither make your way upwards or downwards, get into a front room; if there is a family, see that they are all collected here, and keep the door closed as much as possible, for remember that smoke always follows a draught, and fire always rushes after smoke.

5. On no account throw yourself, or allow others to throw themselves, from the window. If no assistance is at hand, and you are in extremity, tie the sheets together, having fastened one side to some heavy piece of furniture, and let down the women and children one by one, by tying the end of the line of sheets around the waist, and lowering them through the window that is over the door, rather than one that is over the area. You can easily let yourself down after the helpless are saved.

6. If a woman's clothes catch fire, let her instantly roll herself over and over on the ground. If a man be present, let him throw her down and do the like, and then wrap her up in a rug, coat, or the first woollen thing that is at hand.

LATEST FROM AMERICA.

ENGLISH BUTLER (reads in the London Times)—"Latest from Amerikey! 'It is rumored that Mr. Lincoln is about to re-employ the brutal Butler to be the terror of the ladies of New Horleans.'"

SECOND HOUSEMAID.—"Lor, Mr. Bins! If Mr. Lincoln's Butler is the terror of the ladies—he must be very humlike you!"

THE MINIATURE.

Alfred was holding in his hand
The likeness of his wife,
Fresh, as if touched by fairy wand,
With beauty, grace and life.
He almost thought it spoke. He gazed
Upon the treasure still,
Absorbed, delighted and amazed
To view the artist's skill.

"This picture is yourself, dear Jane,
'Tis drawn to nature true;
I've kissed it o'er and o'er again,
It is so much like you."
"And did it kiss you back, my dear?"
"Why, no, my love," said he.
"Then, Alfred, it is very clear
'Tis not at all like me!"

NIGHT AND SLEEP.—Blessed be sleep! How many thousands, heart-weary and body-weary, say this to the stars every night, as they close their eyes on their brightness—Blessed be sleep! We often say so, as we look upon the careworn faces threading their way through the streets at twilight, jostling each other at the corners, each with that with which no stranger can intermeddle. Another day may come indeed to each. Meanwhile there is a blessed season of forgetfulness, when nothing has power to pain.

☞ Our amorous contributor says that pork and beans may be very good fare, but he prefers pork and 'lasses.

Agricultural.

SEASONABLE ADVICE TO FARMERS

There is a great deal of sound sense and wisdom in the following, which we cut from the last number of the Prairie Farmer:—

Prices are on tip-toe just now. Tobacco, flax, hemp, sorghum and cotton, have greatly advanced in value during the last twelve months. Predicating calculations upon present figures, the farmers of the West are putting in a large breadth to these crops, and just now we feel like sounding a note of warning. There will be disappointment in many cases. We are no croakers; we believe in good prices while the war lasts, at least; but with the fortunes of this season's campaign, they will fluctuate. Should our arms be successful in Tennessee, the lower Mississippi, and on the Rappahannock, the money speculators will be unable to keep up the price of gold, and with the fall of gold the prices of all merchandise and of most products, must tumble also. This is a contingency beyond the power of the producer, but which he must, nevertheless, take into consideration. Then there is another source of disappointment, the avoiding of which lies to a great extent, in the hands of the farmer, but which will, nevertheless, to some degree, as they say of fevers, "have its run." The growing of these crops, especially that of tobacco, is a new thing to the majority of those this year engaging in it. They require, and we here again especially allude to tobacco, the greatest care and labor from the time the soil receives the seed till the harvest is complete in the fall. Slip-shod farmers will never succeed to the extent of their anticipations without a decided reformation in their habits of farming.

Many will attempt too much—will put in more tobacco than they can attend through the season, or cure in the fall—will sow more flax than they will care for properly when the time for harvesting it and rotting the straw arrives—will plant more sugar cane than they will cultivate to good profit or have help and machinery to work up. The consequence will be a fair large number of our farmers will declare the culture of these crops, that all believe *can* be grown with profit here, a humbug, and next season look out for a retrograde step in Western farming. We may have done something—we hope we have at any rate—to stimulate our readers to plant of these things. We would not now counsel the planting of one rod the less, but as a prudent man counts the cost of a house before building, so should the prudent farmer take some thought as to the result of his season's labor, before he enters upon it. Remember it is not the farmer that *spreads* the most, makes the grandest calculations, and *works his lands the poorest, that succeeds the best.* It is he that plants just what can be tended well the season through, that works intelligently and thoughtfully, that makes himself acquainted with every new branch of farming he undertakes by reading the experience of others, that knows when and how to market his crops—in short, that *works* and *thinks*—that is the most successful, the most prosperous and happy farmer.

Take a little heed, then. If there is a failure in prices, it will not be your fault probably, but, nevertheless, be ready for it; but if there is a failure in the quantity or the quality of your crops, beyond what can be charged upon the season, place it where it belongs, to ignorance, to carelessness, to laziness, or to an attempt to accomplish too much.

FEEDING HOGS.

A correspondent of the Boston Cultivator, who insists that the food for hogs should always be cooked, and, in cold weather, fed to them warm, and in a warm place, gives the following statement of his manner of preparing the daily food, and the cost thereof, for his swine; his business being chiefly to raise pigs and shoats for sale:—

Take six pounds of beef scraps, at a cost of nine cents, boil in two pails of water, scald in two quarts of corn cob meal at a cost of three cents, add six pails of water, and you have good swill enough to feed six store hogs and eight small shoats once, at an expense of twenty-four cents. This done twice each day is sufficient to keep breeding sows or store pigs in good condition. This is the exact quantity I am feeding to the number of hogs mentioned. I slaughtered two fat hogs last fall, fed in this way until the time to fatten them arrived, after which they had their usual feed thickened to a dough with corn and cob meal only, and at the age of sixteen months the two weighed over 1,000 pounds.

A HINT ON MELON CULTURE.—I have always been much troubled with melon bugs, and resorted to lime, ashes, pepper, &c., to destroy them. When calling upon a friend of mine, I found his vines in a most flourishing condition; and asking how he got rid of the insects, he answered: "Does thee see these radishes covered with bugs?" I said "Yes." He continued: "Melon bugs like radish tops better than melon vines." I therefore always plant a few near the canteloup hills, and hence the fine condition of my vines.—*Germantown Telegraph.*

SMART WOOD CHOPPERS.—Mr. Moses Hall, a colored man of this town, made a small wager with a young Canadian named Burnham—both of whom are now chopping for Mr. Carlisle, near Beech Hill—that he (Hall) could chop, split and pile one cord of wood more than the other could in one day. The match came off on Wednesday last, and resulted as follows: Hall chopped four cords, seven and one-half feet; Burnham chopped four cords, four feet, thus beating Hall four and one-half feet of the bet. This is considered, in these diggings, tall chopping.—*Exeter (N. H.) Ballot.*

Useful Receipts.

A FIRE-PROOF AND WATER-PROOF CEMENT.—To half a pint of milk put an equal quantity of vinegar, in order to curdle it; then separate the curd from the whey, and mix the whey with the whites of four or five eggs, beating the whole well together. When it is well mixed, add a little quick-lime, through a sieve, until it has acquired the consistence of a thick paste. With this cement, broken vessels and cracks of all kinds may be mended. It dries quickly, and resists the action of fire and water.

INSOLUBLE CEMENT.—A Frenchman has, it is said, discovered an insoluble cement in the common snail. At the extremity of the snail's body there is a little white bladder, containing a gelatinous, fat looking substance. If this be extracted, and the liquid applied to the edges of the broken glass or china, and time given for this natural cement to dry, the parts will hold together so firmly that the mended article is stronger at the united parts than elsewhere. You may break the article, but cannot separate the parts.

TO KEEP MILK SWEET.—Put a spoonful of horseradish into a pan of milk, and the milk will remain sweet for several days, while other milk will sour.

BLEACHING LIQUID.—Take one pound of chloride of lime, empty it into a stone jar, and pour on it one gallon of water; stir it well with a stick for fifteen minutes; then let it settle, and pour off the clear liquor into clean bottles, and cork them up. A tumblerful of this preparation, added to a tubful of water in which the clothes are rinsed, will add much to their whiteness.

A GOOD WAY OF COOKING ONIONS.—It is a good plan to boil onions in milk and water; it diminishes the strong taste of that vegetable. It is an excellent way of serving up onions, to chop them after they are boiled, and put them in a stewpan, with a little milk, butter, salt and pepper, and let them stew about fifteen minutes. This gives them a fine flavor, and they can be served up very hot.

CORNMEAL CAKES IN TIME.—One quart meal, one pint boiling milk, one teaspoonful salt, a teaspoonful soda; set it to rise in a warm place; beat three eggs and put in; a little cream of tartar. Bake in tins, and cut in squares for the table.

HOW TO CATCH RATS.—In answer to an inquiry in "The Field," London, several correspondents of that paper give their experience as follows:

For the benefit of your readers I will give, by your permission, my experience on the subject. I was very much troubled with rats, and tried every known dodge for catching them, without success, until I adopted the following plan: I set an ordinary steel trap in their run, and covered it over with a clean duster or cloth, and within a few hours I caught every rat on my premises. A clean cloth is necessary every time the trap is set. I found a butter-cloth the best decoy. I am informed by my son, who was stationed at Bermuda, that a convict was rewarded for revealing his secret for attracting rats, which was cantharides steeped in brandy, (Tr. Lytle;) but I cannot make out the number of drops used. The best way to catch rats with a steel trap is to put the guard up and lay the trap down as if set; feed the rats for a few days, always putting the meat on the kettle-board; they will eat it and get quite familiar to it; then all at once begin and catch them; wait upon the trap, and if they have been well fed, they may be taken nearly as fast as it can be set. I have taken by this means seventeen in one hour, and at one time I had two—one by the nose, and the other by the fore foot—and I only had one trap in use.

The Riddler.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 26 letters.

My 16, 9, 5, 18, 27, 5, is a country of Europe.
My 18, 23, 4, 17, 6, 14, 10, is one of the United States.
My 7, 15, 23, 19, 15, 26, is a city of Great Britain.
My 24, 10, 26, 11, 12, 23, was a French Revolutionist.
My 3, 7, 13, was one of the priests of Israel.
My 1, 15, 7, 23, 26, 15, is a province of Spain.
My 3, 20, 7, 25, 23, was a person connected with the downfall of Troy.
My 7, 17, 14, 6, 13, 7, 15, occupies a prominent place in the United States Government.
My 21, 15, 7, 10, 23, 19, forms a part of the Russian Empire.
My whole is a document inseparably linked with the history of the United States. R. T.

RIDDLE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My 1st is in heat, but not in cold.
My 2nd is in modest, but not in bold.
My 3rd is in some, but not in all.
My 4th is in hoist, but not in fall.
My 5th is in half, but not in whole.
My 6th is in mind, but not in soul.
My 7th is in mine, but not in yours.
My 8th is in turns, but not in tours.
My 9th is in months, but not in years.
My whole is one of the divisions of the Scriptures.

Mount Carroll, Ill. ANDROS.

ANAGRAMS ON CHRISTIAN NAMES.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

O! get great!	A lost tree!
Noir lace.	Load *rice!*
I a mill?—when?	In a *vial!*
Sea tar.	Arm—Vein.
A lad, Tim.	*Huc—casey!*
A red nol.	Daily.
Riga—Genoa.	Oh! red toe!
Lame Carl.	I boast!
Let L sec.	Brew hot meal!
Oh!—to read?	Sheep join.

JOSEPH S. ROSS, *Jr.*
Richmond Place, Cincinnati.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Where the bold eagle cleaves the air,
And grand old mountains tower,
My first, which ever upward tends,
Appears in lofty power.
My second sounds a music note,
My third, upon Hoyle's page,
Reveals a game of interest,
Where many can engage.
My fourth, a metal England yields,
Professedly from the mine,
Within each kitchen neatly kept,
We see in beauty shine.
My whole, a new derisive word,
Tho' not in Webster found,
Is used to mark a certain style,
Extravagant in sound. EMILY.
Baltimore, Md.

ALGEBRAICAL PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The sum of three numbers is 13; the sum of their cubes is 988, and the sum of their seventh powers is 390468. Required—the numbers. ARTEMAS MARTIN.

Franklin, Venango Co., Pa.

PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A man sold a farm for $10,000, and arranged the payments in 10 equal annual payments. What must be the sum paid each year in order that principal and interest shall be paid in 10 years, interest being computed at 7 per cent? MORGAN STEVENS.

☞ Answer requested. And a Rule to solve similar Problems.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ What fruit do a couple of hedge-hogs represent? Ans.—A prickly pear.

☞ What is a simple recipe to make an apple tart? Ans.—Soak it in vinegar.

☞ What makes a pair of boots? Ans.—Why, two!

☞ Why do little birds in their nests agree? Ans.—Because it would be very dangerous to fall out.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN OUR LAST.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.—"Old Birds are not caught with chaff." MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA—Music the fiercest grief can charm. RIDDLE—Humble virtue is always despised. CHARADE—Philadelphia (Phil-a-dell-f-a.)

Answer to PROBLEM by Andros, published April 18th. The bottle of wine sank, and was 1 pound, 3.025 oz. heavier than the same bulk of water. R. Barto, Francis W. Hibbard. A. Martin's answer is—the bottle sunk, being 15.625 oz. heavier than the same bulk of water.

Answer to ALGEBRAICAL PROBLEM by W. G. T., published April 18.—26. R. Barto, Cevitral, Philadelphia. A. Martin, Venango Co., Pa. E. M. Bergstresser, Kenton, O. Herbert W. Fletcher, Quincy, Illinois. Andros, Mt. Carroll, Ill. J. T. V. C., Denmark, Iowa. F. W. Hibbard, O. J. Albert Delon, Brooklyn.

Answer to MATHEMATICAL PROBLEM by Otrab, published April 25. Top diameter 16 inches; bottom diameter 8 1/4 inches, and depth 56 inches. R. Barto. E. Hagerty.

Answer to ARITHMETICAL PROBLEM by Junior, published April 25. He lost $3. Reuben Barto, Fredericksburg, Lebanon Co., Pa. J. W. C., Philadelphia. E. Hagerty, Baltimore.